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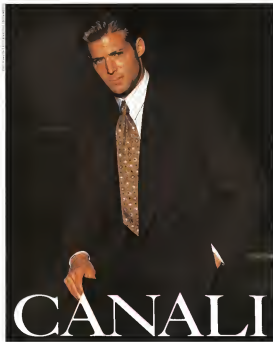
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SEPTEMBER 1994 VOLUME 122 NO 3

Features

Brains '94: Use 'Em or Lose 'Em

Triumph of the Hip 106

Once intellectuals reigned the earth. Now people know the lyrics to *The Brady Bunch*. BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

How Smart Are You? 111

We'll be the judge of that. Take the Esquire Intelligence Test.

278 Books You Should Have Read by Now 118

The great man of letters presents the definitive twentieth-century American canon. BY HAROLD BLOOM

Dr. Seinfeld Is In 122

A brief colloquy on geometry, ice cream cones, the stupid-people shootings, and Superman. BY BILL KERR



November Song

BY BURTON HERSH

There's a new Edward Kennedy on the campaign trail this fall. But will the old Teddy get in the way? The latest hurrah of a political legend.

You Are Now Entering Plano, Texas

134

BY PHILIP WEISS

Welcome to the technoburbs: Moms are more harried than ever, dads are more pressured, and even the kids have a lot on their minds.



Working Girl 144

BY JESSIE COXANT

Patricia Duff has conquered the power brokers in Washington and Hollywood. But is she ready to take Manhattan?

My Lord You 150

A SHORT STORY BY JAMES SALTER

Sometimes an obsession can strand you, half-clothed, in the most unexpected places. An elegant tale of poetry and dogs.

[continued on page 15]

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY TENDRY WHITE

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY TENDRY WHITE

SEPTEMBER 1994 ESQUIRE 13

o r n o t

LONDON FOG

Reality Check

Dick Snyder's revenge, Q.J.'s guide to romance, William Kunstler's verse, and Kurt Cobain's comeback. Plus: Is Streisand the new Sinatra? By Jeannette Walls

50



Man At His Best

Cy Twombly [56] Mira Sorvino [56] Classics: tipping [60] Computer speakers [62] Travel: Slovakian MfG school [64] The young Elvis [68] Restaurants: L.A. [72]

The Esquire Guide

The Book on Gambling

159

You have sixteen, the dealer's showing picture; do you hit? Are your best odds at roulette in Atlantic City or Vegas? What's the easiest method for counting cards? A by-the-numbers primer on gambling's dos, don'ts, and dumb luck. By Ivan Solotaroff



Gentleman

- The Erotic Suit** Sex in three pieces. By Woody Hochswender **170**
New Glory American design. Photographs by Andrew Eccles **172**
Bissett Unbuttoned *Metrose Place's* nice girl gets naughty. Photographs by Davis Factor; text by Christa D'Souza **180**
The Grand Tour Long, dramatic overcoats for fall. Photographs by Diego Uchitel **184**
New Kids on the Box Entertainment reporters with savvy style. Photographs by Davis Factor **192**



Columns and Departments

The Sound and the Fury

Letters from readers... 33

Backstage with Esquire

Notes on contributors... 42

American Scene

The O.J. case on air

By John Taylor... 70

Letter from Vietnam

My enemy By Chuck Pfeiffer

with Ivan Solotaroff... 64

Executive Summary

True tales of a corporate rat. By Stanley Bing... 100

Meat

From Sweden with love: the incredible whiteness of

Ace of Base. By Mark Jacobson... 194

Cars

The Impala SS street missile. By Phil Patton... 200

Books

The physics of immortality. By Will Rhyne... 203

Mr. Peppers, Inc.

He shouts, he pants, he waxes off the stage. He's

Nicol Williamson, wild man. By Julie Bournegold... 206



The Sporting Life

Ken Griffey Jr.'s home-run derby. By Mike Lupica... 96

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A man with dark hair and a serious expression is wearing a red and yellow hooded jacket. The jacket has a white stripe on the sleeve and a small Nautica logo on the chest. He is looking off to the side. The background is dark and out of focus.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

His Cheating Heart

IN "A RAKE'S PROGRESS" (June), Lynn Darling suggests that the adulterer would be best off continuing to hide his affairs because after lying for twenty years, he would be crushed by revealing his lies to his wife. My own experience tells me that once the opposite is true. For the past six years, I've had a string of girlfriends, and I've led so and cheated on each of them, running from bed to bed as often as I could.

When I finally came clean and revealed all my deceptions to my most recent girlfriend, a great weight was lifted off my shoulders. Deception, like alcoholism, is an addiction. I encourage the adulterer of the article and anyone else out there living a split life to start now, regardless of age or position. It's your life, make it as honest one.

—BRYAN BORGSTIN
Los Angeles, Calif.

YOUR SERIAL-ADULTERER piece really hit home. I've been seeing a married man nearly twenty years my senior for two years, and you may as well have been describing how it's your article. The questions I ask about him nag at me. Can he be faithful? Has he lied so long that he can no longer tell the truth? What he doesn't understand is that his past, his obsession, and the choices he made all trap the time we spend together. His selfishness and his isolation have ignored the same behavior in me—the giving is halted, the effort stunted. Can the adulterer be saved, or do I just go down with him?

—NAME WITHHELD
Bey N.Y.

IN THIS SCREWED-UP age of AIDS, Kaposi's, AIDS, and violence, how could you even print an article that so glorifies infidelity? I hope all the faithful men out there who read Lynn Darling's article don't feel as if they're missing out when in fact it's the philanderers who are missing out on the joy of being in a truly loving, sexual, and committed relationship.

—LOUI DOUGLAS
Naples, Fla.

IVED ONE SHORT, PARADOXICAL STORY, "Stranger Perfume" (June), Edward Hoagland has poured all the painful elements of an excellent novel's action on adulterers to know one, and this struck me hardest as Hoagland's tremendous masculine man about his second wife. He still loves her. All we truly want in this short tale is happiness, like so many of us blind fools. Hoagland had it, and it slipped from his grasp.

—JOHN RADANOVICH
New Orleans, La.



"STRANGER PERFUME" leaves me wondering just what kind of man is Edward Hoagland? He says that he is a "fragile" man, sensitive to the plagues of red wolves in Texas and Indians in Alaska. But does he not sense that it is selfish, in the months following the death of one's wife or twenty-five years, to scribble old scars in the pages of a national magazine?

—ANTHONY M. MELZER
Cambridge, Mass.

Infant Tyrrell

I BELIEVE THAT if the seeds of fascism lie in fact be sown again in this country, it is exactly the kind of destructive and irresponsible journalism that R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. represents that will ultimately plant them ("The Raising of the President," by Janet Cowart, June). People like Tyrrell preach that there is only one brand of truth and that those who don't agree are unworthy of basic human respect.

—RONALD W. NEWCOMB
San Gabriel, Calif.

TYRRELL OUGHT to get down on his feet-boy knees and thank the gods for Bill Clinton's election. With-out a Democrat in the White House, Tyrrell would still be an obscure Republican lapdog slapping the face of the GOP. Clinton has given him visibility, money, power, and an arrogant sense of infallibility. Tyrrell and Rush Limbaugh signify nothing more than the business-as-usual practice of making a fortune off the president.

—JEFFREY G. GENTILE
Beltsville, Md.

TYRRELL'S *American Spectator* is a refreshing return to the hell-raising journalistic tradition of Thomas Paine and John Peter Zenger. His article is not clouded behind a false curtain of objectivity. He lets you know just where he stands and wants his readers' ability to filter material accordingly.

—WYNN BARLAS
Monmouth Beach, N.J.

FOR R. EMMETT TYRRELL to choose his opponents of being "infected" is rather like Mark Twain choosing G. K. Chesterton of anti-Semitism. I will say, though, that you drastically heightened my day with the revelation that his marriage has failed.

—BRUCE MORGAN
Cincinnati, Ohio

BOB TYRRELL MAY be rude and obnoxious, but he does have a sense of humor. His passing off of the machinist David Brock as a respectable, first-rate reporter does show a delightful sense of the absurd.

—RICHARD F. EASTMAN
Yuba, Calif.

I WAS ONE OF THE "FALL" in the Palm of the night of the condensation incident highlighted by Janet Cowart, and while I realize that Bob Tyrrell and Rudy Pore are not destined to become acid mates, your portrayal of him as a bawdy, lecherous fool on the P.H.U. is, in my opinion, unrepresentative. Having watched him work through many a crowd, I can assure you that the man is a strict disciplinarian rather than a skirt chaser. His home bristles with activity generated by his children, his grandchildren, and the lady's many pets, and he never fails to include a dose of music, literature, or poetry in his daily routine. Had you looked for the real person behind the caricature, you might have produced a piece that was far and wiser, and the very qualities you criticize. *The Spectator* for looking.

—VICTORIA N. LEHR
New York, N.Y.

TYRRELL SHOULD WONDER to know why he is scorned and avoided by his political and journalistic contemporaries. They all remember the wise words of [omitted on page 32].

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NOR
RAIN
NOR
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Steve Crocker artist

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

journalism [see page 14] Uncle Joe Cannon, who advised against "getting into a pissing match with a slacker."

—CHARLES R. BAHA
Upland, Calif.

Philinophilia

I BOUGHT MY FIRST issue of *Esquire* specifically to read the article about Regis Philbin by Bill Zehner ("It's Regis's World. We Just Live in It," June), and I enjoyed it very much. The story was fun, list, entertaining, and intelligent, and I love Regis even more. Plus, Bill Zehner was such a good sport on *Live with Regis & Kathi Lee*. The only fault I can find is that you should have indeed put Regis on the cover.

—FRAN LEVANDER
Spring Hill, Fla.

CHARLES TO REGIS: Howard Stern's *Shock on Philbin's* insinuating upbraiding of his son, despite insidious heretics, was an event that could have considered one to a hellish existence. What's so surprising about Regis (if I may be so bold) is the way the guy handled it.

—JOHN R. STINES
Madison, Wis.

Rip-Hop Hoosiers

"THE RETURN of the White Negro," by E. Jean Carroll (June), enlightened me on the narrow-mindedness of some Americans. The residents of Mooresville, Indiana, who feel so vehemently about the choices their young adults have made should be ashamed of themselves. Americans have the freedom of choice; these teens were merely expressing themselves. And because they were choosing friends and clothes these residents would never consider, does that mean they should be ostracized? It always me to think that these people are still so racially bigoted. America's heartland! I think not America's heartland!

—LEE-ANN MATTHEW
Sammock, Ga.

CARROLL'S "RETURN of the White Negro" was undeniably hip, but it was also upstaged and unrepresented, reflecting a point of view as prejudiced and narrow-minded as that of

the people it criticized. Nice irony. Did you intend it?

—BARBARA SHOFY
Indianapolis, Ind.

WHILE IT IS TRUE that almost all Hoosiers drive their tractors to church every Sunday and most Hoosiers' parents are at least first cousins and we can all listen to on one another's phone calls all across Indiana, we've got our pride. So, though E. Jean Carroll is a dictator, we can kiss my basketball playing, dirty, 300-lb. ass fat ass.

—DENNIS WAGNET
Bloomington, Ind.

CARROLL'S article was insulting to a large number of Indiana residents, in particular the chondriodors of North Newton High, who were in no way to be held accountable for the pogrom at the school. Our children are not the hard, rebellious, mean-lunged teens the portrait. What had happened to them was enough without their having to feel betrayed by your writer.

—ROBERT AND MARIANNE
VAN WINKLE
ANDREA H. AND KERRY A. E.
VAN WINKLE
ALEXANDER H. GREYER
Dillmore, Ind.

I REALLY ENJOYED "The Return of the White Negro," a documented attempt by individuals across the political spectrum to lose the freedom of open and independent of mind that are essential to a well-functioning democracy.

—PETER N. IRELAND
Richmond, Va.

AS A HOOSIER HIMSELF, Carroll was American with the same hollow feel as the pseudopop girls Mikky and the Via Worldwide women sport a sub-stavious gesture adopted against appearing provincial.

—ROSWELL E. MILLER
Kokomo, Ga.

Drug Free

JAMES BOSTON JR.'s article "The Godfather and the Drug Lord" (June) gives Colombia a chance to show the world that we, as a nation, care for our

image and reputation above all. It's with thanks that for the first time in the ten years I've been living in this country, I've finally read an article written about my country that does not accuse Colombia of the crimes a small group of criminals has committed.

—VICTOR H. HERRERA
Miami, Fla.

Reality Bites

YOUR REALITY CHECK (June) points out the price of a salesman's antisemitic remarks about Steven Spielberg's buying a car for the full price. But isn't any such remark untrue? This article poses your own twofold reference to his purchase of another car. "But did he get it wholesale?"

—ALAN KRAUS
St. Louis, Mo.

Kodos and Catechisms

AFTER A YEAR or so of subscribing to *Esquire*, I believe in my subscription lapse. I'm sorry I didn't, because I'm getting more of information from what I read. I'm presently shopping for a new computer system, and the price on computers by Phil Fenton ("Fenton on the Right Chop," June) will help me find the PC that's right for me. *Esquire* has undergone an admirable transformation, with a great mix of subjects and writers.

—EDWARD R. RICCIONI
Killingworth, Conn.

I'VE SUBSCRIBED to and read *Esquire* for and off for the past fifteen years. The writing has always been superb. E. Jean Carroll's piece on the "White Negro" was excellent, and James Reston's dragaled piece was haunting. *Esquire* has some of the finest writing in a periodical. But I didn't read your solutary articles. With all the fine pieces in the June issue, you chose on your solutary to look like a magazine for the ineffectual. Get with it, guys! The men out there with the inclination to read your magazine and the ones your advertisers made want multifaceted stories *delivered*—not *issued*.

—MATY HENDRICH
London, Ohio

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and telephone phone number to The Sound and the Fury, *Esquire*, 1395 West 41st Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



BOSS
HUGO BOSS

MEN AT WORK.

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NOT SINCE AUGUSTS sat down to tiff things over with *Play* has there been a more tumultuous dialogue than senior writer **Edi Sheen's** "Smart Conversations" with Jerry Seinfeld ("Dr. Seinfeld Is In," page 121). In the course of their five-to-five-whole-tole them to such heady locales as a forebop-jazz store and a L. A. coffee bar—the exchange turned to the difference between men's and women's magazines:

"Women's magazines always seem to me to be instructing others on how to act like women," and Dr. S. "It's as though the people reading know nothing, what to wear at a picnic, what to eat when you get to the picnic. It's for people who want to impenetrate humans."

"On the other hand, there's very little advice in men's magazines, because men don't think there's a lot they don't know. Women do. Women want to learn. Men think, 'I know what I'm doing, just show me somebody asked.'"

And what did the usually astute Zelnick—who is at work on a biography of the sex comedian Andy Kaufman—have to say in response to Jerry? Nothing. "I think I still had a brain freeze from the yogurt," he says.

Senior editor **Janice Malanowski** answers the question on our cover this month in his essay "Triumph of the Hip" (page 106). The former national editor of *Spin* and the author of the novel *My Steep Climb* in Washington, Malanowski says he "is the perfect arbiter in this matter, being neither smart enough nor hip enough to have a bias." The profile Malanowski recently collaborated on the play *Love Lips*, which is headed for off Broadway later this year.

Never one to shy away from riling at wily towers, **Harold Bloom** has written *The Western Canon* (to be published next month by Harcourt Brace), in which he weighs in on the world's most important literature. Our excerpt ("298 Books You Should Have Read by Now," page 111) presents the twentieth-century American canon. Bloom, who is the Sterling professor of the humanities at Yale and the Berg professor of English at New York University, as well as the author of numerous books, most recently *The Book of J* and *The Amer-*



including *The Education of Edward Kennedy* and, his latest, *The Old Boys*. This month,



Philip Weiss



Janet Conant



David Elson



Ed Sheen

ican Religion, says his list is "not directed at a single academic." Rather, it is aimed at the "common reader; to use the Johnsonian term—if we will have a common reader."

Burt Berk first wrote about Ted Kennedy for *Esquire* in 1968 (The article was later included in our history of the States, *Smiling Through the Apocalypse*). Since then, he has published several books,

including *The Education of Edward Kennedy* and, his latest, *The Old Boys*. This month,

contributing editor **Philip Weiss** cracks to an error Texas tech-no-birth ("We Are Now Entering Plano, Texas," page 124) to report on a local experiment in progress. What's first normal, Cuckoo-Doodle, too, will be published by *Plano, Texas* in January.

"When I talked to people in Washington and L. A. about Patricia Duff," says contributing editor **Janet Conant**, who profiles the power blend on page 144 ("Working Girl"). "She was always mentioned in the same breath as Paula Hornstetter—that they're both smart—in that they're both beautiful and sexy women with awesome Rolodexes."

Chuck Pfeiffer goes back to Vietnam for the first time since the war to interview his former enemies in "The Ballad of a Green Beret" (page 84). Pfeiffer, who was with Special Forces and returned as a captain, says that what afflicted him most upon his return was "what the population increase had done to the environment. It was worse than any bombing we had done." Pfeiffer is at work on a book about his Vietnam experience.

High-rolling contributing editor **Irvin Selznick** writes about his true love in this month's Guide: gambling ("The Book on Gambling," page 150). During his "research," he was 2500 at poker from an *Esquire* editor who still remains nameless. "It was never-card hold 'em. He had an ace-high boat, and I had a royal flush," gloats Selznick, whose book *No-Such-Like-Fish* (Sheep Meadow Press) was published this year. "You got one royal flush per lifetime." ■



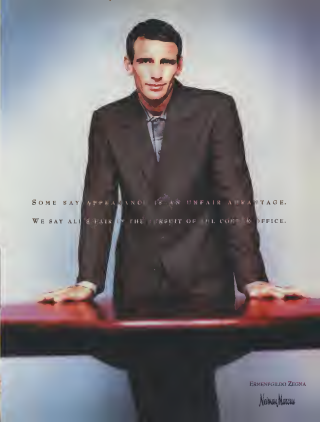
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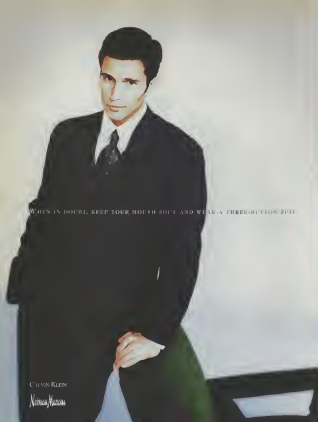
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Reality Check

Career Moves

The Death of the Party

I David Wilhelms about to get the **Black McLarry** treatment? Though the White House denies it, Washington insiders say President Clinton was all set to replace the head of the Democratic National Committee in June when he lacked his childhood friend and White House chief of staff McLarry down the hall. "[Clinton] wanted to move them both when he did his spring cleaning," says one source. "But



feeling giving...

he was persuaded that it would look too disruptive, and Wilhelms got a reprieve. But it's not permanent." Only Susan Thurmond is

Royal Pain

Lord, Save the Queen

TIME DAMAGE CONTROL over **Kitty** Kelly's book on the royal family has already begun—and it won't be out for years. Rising to defend the crown is writer-cum family-fury philosopher **Lord Jeffrey Archer**, and a public feud has ensued. Archer recently interrupted a speech he was giving in Lancaster House to ask Kelly to stop taking notes. (Seven months earlier, he accused Kelly of being "beside to two of my dear friends.") (She wrote scathing bios of **Henry Kissinger** and **Frank Sinatra**.)



Kitty in a caitiff

Kelly does express surprise over his pledge of friendship. She said that she had spent four years researching each book and "no one ever mentioned your name." He now denies the incident over toast place, but he did take time to point out that he should be referred to as "Lord Archer, not Mr Archer." Thanks for the tip, Jeff.

Foreign Intrigue

Le Bra, C'est Froid

I know French women seem unusually frigid lately, there's good reason. Their miracle of engineering the Wendelstein, may be all the rage here, but the "cold bra" is making them hot and

bothered right now in France. The secret to the bra is a refrigerant that cools through the material. Put it in the fridge for a half hour or so, snap it on, and—voilà!—pokey breasts. The cold bra results

for about forty-five dollars, and according to Philippe Deshayes, head of Symphonie Bras Firm, which introduced the bra, the firm hopes to bring it to the U.S. by year's end. Says Deshayes: "Women feel lovely when they wear it." Men, no doubt, feel pretty gross about it, too.

Biological Clocks

Anka Does Menopause

Dennis Haggard's new column, **Anka Rodchenko**, will reveal all about her menopause adventure, but she's still coy about her age. Rodchenko usually lets herself go there and earlier this year was on **Nutrition's** cover discussing Generation X. In fact, she is a bona fide baby boomer, having recently confided to a Maryland paper that she's thirty-seven. Says Dutch senior editor David Kepp of her kidge: "Women



Pinking lady

do it all the time." Besides, you know what they say about older women:

Skin Trade

What Becomes a Dead Legend Most?

WHILE **Kurt Cobain** and **River Phoenix** stage the ultimate conclusion to poster flut? They tell if people for the Ethical Treatment of Animals has its way PETA has been grabbing headlines for some time now with its eye-opening ads, such as the one with **Rae Banning** declaring: "I'd rather go nude than wear fur." Indeed, PETA even orchestrated **Pauli Bonin's** recent Playboy pictorial, she donned half her for. Now the organization is planning its most controversial ad campaign yet, one featuring dead celebrities, and PETA wants Cobain, who killed himself with a shotgun, and



Poster boy?

Phoenix, who died of a drug overdose, to appear in the new ads. After discussions with PETA officials, animal rights activist and President's lead singer **Christine Nyberg** is approaching Cobain's widow, **Courtney Love**, and Phoenix's family to get permission to use the dead stars' images. Phoenix's ad would be a tasteful, "I wouldn't be caught dead in fur." Cobain's ad would carry the far more subtle, "You need fur like you need a hole in your head."

"Why not [Cobain and Phoenix]?" says an insider source. "They supported our cause in life, so why not afterward?" ■

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we're born, someone sends us flowers to say, "Welcome to the world."

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MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECHE

ART

Cy Was Here

THAT SCRAWLY, KITCHEN-BOY, and master of a Cy Twombly canvas look less like a modern painting than something someone did to a modern painting. Like a back-slit Kinky Kato, Twombly's work is full of obscure graffiti, or a droll, weird, and often calculating on the back of a sheet of wallboard. Twombly draws cartoon shapes and crude numbers. It is almost as if he has achieved the recognition of a major retrospective this fall at the Museum of Modern Art.

While his contemporaries Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg headed for New York, the new center of the art world, Twombly

moved to Rome, which had been the center of the art world a couple of hundred years before. But he seems to identify less with the artists of an earlier century, who painted the mass left by the barbarians, than with the barbarians themselves, the vandals and looters who scrawled graffiti on the ruins and other walls of the Eternal City. Working at the very edge of the art envelope, he issues with the question, Is it or isn't it? But give Twombly a second glance, a third stare, and you discover in the energy of the line, the shaman of the past and burn of the draft, an artery to profound first impressions. Kinky is a master; it's as if the rugged guy playing guitar in the subway turned out to be Segovia, the wine drinking troubadour. —Ken Kopp



Is it or isn't it? Cy Twombly's *The Address*

IN PICTURES

The Virgin and the Party Girl

TWENTY years looks recognizable like the daughter of Godfather's Paul Sorvino and is still beautiful is a minor mystery. We get to see Mrs. Sorvino as What Stillman's Margeaux Dupree, Jessica, just out, in which she plays a Catholic girl who, in her small but determined

way, personifies the post-Romantic sexual revolution. One lady, ingenue, Latin role, legit another, and this season Sorvino assumes the part of the half-Brazilian, adventurous Conchita Clouston (he came alone in Italy and impregnated) in a BBC miniseries adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel *The Buccaneers*.

It's a reassurance to the complexity of real people that Sorvino's modern trait is to be playing virgins, most memorably in a short film, *The Second Greatest Story Ever Told*, in which she experiences the miracle of divine conception while sitting on a Porta Potty on the Coney Island boardwalk. "When you are a virgin longer than

Reductive Mira: Sorvino oscillates the mind/body conflict.

other people," she says, "you carry around with you a certain pride and vulnerability. My high school boyfriend used to call me the Virgin Mary." Will, we all grow up.

Sorvino allows that her sensuality "is no longer based up with the marmoset of my youth," and indeed her leg legs and chest

carriage are more suggestive of secular grace—a flummox director comes to mind. But if it is any consolation to the church or her mother, what's most striking about Sorvino is her intellectual rigor (she was a Chinese major at Harvard) and moral worldview. In *Bachelors*, she was dazzled by the casual acceptance of adultery among

her friends there. ("I was taught that the denial of desire is one of the foundations of virtue.")

Her latest, most visible role makes use of both her sexy and Socratic sides. In *Que Pasa*, Robert Redford's super's new movie, she plays the wife of the hot-shot federal investigator who breaks open the quinquen-

tial upon scandal of the ragged TV game show. "A Socratic gadfly" is how she describes her character, but "intellectual rigors" comes closer to the mark. She needs Bob Morrow when he weakens in his prosecutorial resolve, but there are worse fates than to be paralyzed by such a woman.

—JOSEPH HOOPER



POLO RALPH LAUREN



The Wandering Gliders



THE FOOTWEAR COLLECTION

John Berendt

The Case Against Tipping

I LEARNED ALL THERE IS TO KNOW about the art of tipping from two remarkable old gentlemen, both now dead: my grandfather and a retired Pullman porter named Wilson Junior Glover. My grandfather always carried two billfolds and two change purses in the pockets of his three-piece suits. One of the billfolds held one new bill, and one of the change purses was filled with shiny new coins. The new money was for tipping purposes only. My grandfather believed that a tip, however large or small, should be a sincere expression of gratitude and that it should be bestowed in a manner and form that said so.

"Never simply say, 'Keep the change,'" he once told me. "It implies that the only reason you're giving a tip is that you can't be bothered with the trifling sum that's due. And be sure not to include any pennies in a tip. If you do, you're likely to give the waitress you've merely engaged your pocket of unwanted debris."

Mr. Glover, the retired Pullman porter, usually found himself on the other side of the tipping process. Some years ago, he remembered about the tricks of his trade. "You had to keep the passengers well satisfied for them to tip you fifty cents or a dollar," he told me. "You'd say, 'What a minute, sir. You going up to the club car? Your tea is crooked.' Now, his tea is really straight as an arrow but you pull it crooked and then you pull it straight again, and he likes it. Keep a white broom in your pocket and brush him off! He don't need no brushing off, but he don't know it. Brush him off anyhow and scraggles his collar. If you do no and don't do nothing, you won't get nothing."

The charm of these two men notwithstanding, I happen to think tipping is one step removed from bribery and that it is a degrading and outdated custom that exposes a master-servant relationship on the upper end and the tipped. There's no escaping it, however: If tipping was ever voluntary in this country, it's not anymore. It is built into the system. Employees and the IRS both ensure that certain workers will receive tips, and consequently these people are paid lower wages than other employees, and withholding taxes are deducted against an estimate of what their tips will be.



The avenue of pain: To groan or not to groan, that is the question.

Tip earners do not need our sympathy, however. They have a number of ways of getting around the system, and their methods are not always as winsome as those of Mr. Glover. The most common gambit is to focus big tips on the expense of everybody else, including management. Bartenders are the worst offenders. They give big drinks to their favorite customers and then, in order to balance their liquor costs, they'll hold back on the booze content of every other drink. One of the most notorious instances of this particular scam came to light a few years back when a survey of New York dining establishments revealed that the Bloody Marys at one of the city's most popular Sunday-brunch spots contained no vodka—except for the Bloody Marys made for big tippers.

Whether or not they engage in this or other forms of dishonesty, virtually all tip earners are guilty of underreporting their tips by about 50 percent, according to the IRS. That means that at least \$6 billion in tips goes unreported every year, making tips the second-biggest tax dodge in America, after illegal income.

Among tip recipients, the greater power is wielded by those who are tipped in advance of performing a service. Centuries ago, for instance, it was customary for condemned prisoners to give their executioners gold coins in payment for a swift and painless cut of the ice. (Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Marie-Antoinette all reportedly tipped their beheaders for this favor.) Likewise, patrons at certain status-conscious restaurants will slip tips or so into the palm of the host, hoping to be led to a desirable table. Sometimes this works, sometimes it doesn't. When the capo of the old Caposabers was displaced by the insignificance of a gratuity, he would invariably swear to the headbasher, "Take this money to Joe DiMaggio's table," meaning, of course, take them to deep center field.

Tip earners do not always bother to hide their disappointments, however. A hansom-cab driver once complained to Lord Nathan Rothschild, founder of the London branch of the banking family. "Your Lordship's son always gives me a good deal more than this," "I dare say he does," Rothschild replied, "but then he has a rich father, and I haven't."

Clearly, something needs to be done about tipping. The Chinese probably have the right idea. They forbid it altogether. In Europe, tipping is largely unnecessary because a 15 percent service charge is levied instead—a practice that only 1 percent of the restaurants in America have adopted. Efforts to do away with tipping in this country have never succeeded. For decades, the lunch-counter restaurant chain Check Pull O'Mats tried to discourage tips by posting no TIPS signs and paying its waiters full salaries. Customers tipped anyway. That's because, as poll after poll has shown, we Americans like to tip. We think it goes to the upper hand,



we write to believe that the word typist is an acronym for the phrase "to insure propensities." And we are wrong on both counts, of course.

So we go on typing. We tip the man who opens the car door and the man who carries our bags into the hotel and the man who takes them up to the room. We tip the maid, the waitress at the waiter, the wine steward and the parking valet. The higher we rise in the world, the more ideas we find ourselves reaching into our pockets for dollar bills as we run the gamut of an ever lengthening avenue of caprices. And if we fail to tip we are disgruntled. The composer Oscar Levant once visited the playwright George S. Kaufman and, as usual, overstayed his welcome. As he was finally being led away, the long-suffering Mrs. Kaufman, knowing Levant had no money, whispered to him that she had tipped the servants a) each and told them it was from him. "You should have given them first!" he shot back. "Now they'll think I'm angry!"

Unfortunately there is no solution in sight (but there should be a full-scale assault against the practice of tipping). Typers Anonymous is one of the few organizations that champions the interests of typists, but its approach is peculiarly timid. For it (seen at 77 Leland Farm Road, Ashland, Massachusetts 02017), TA will send you a book of open cards that you can tear out and leave with your tip. "You have just served a number of Typers Anonymous," the card reads. "This group is dedicated to improving service and restoring its reward—tipping—is its rightful status. Based on experience with service in other establishments, I have rated your service as [indicated: Jeweller, good, fair, poor] and tipped accordingly." The note is hardly a must-leave, let alone a declaration of war. There is, in fact, an aura of sheepishness about it. It is printed in five-point type, the stated reason being that the smallness of the text allows the tipper to cut the premises and get halfway down the block before the waiter can make any sense of it. ■

DESIGN

Heard Any Good Computers Lately?

THE CD-ROM in your computer plays CD-quality sound, naturally, but most computer speakers have done their best to hide that fact. The speakers supplied with most "multimedia

ready" computers or install-it-yourself CD-ROM players and soundboards are of minimal quality and, not to name words, too down-right ugly to place on your desk.

Computer speakers must contain their own little amplifiers and must be magnetically shielded so that they don't interfere with the images on your screen. Now top-flight electronics

Dynamic range:

From the left, Advent's Axiom 9170, a \$11250 speaker; SBB's AppleDesign Procard; SBB's Sony's SRS-PC25; SBB's Sony's SRS-PC25; SBB's Sony's SRS-PC25; SBB's Sony's SRS-PC25.



thing you think you've already bought, but, says Henry Klass, the legendary electronics sage behind Cambridge Sound Works, most speakers supplied with CD-ROM systems cost about \$5 to produce. At \$279, his offerings are discreet, little tweeter boxes that sit like miniature guardhouses beside

the panel box, offering enough separation for natural stereo, while the wooden box can be tucked under the desk or behind the disc file.



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TRAVEL

Colonel Zsoldos Is My Copilot

YOU FIND yourself in the arrivals hall of a Central European airport. The setting is dramatic, glum, contemporary anonymity. A silver-haired gentleman in a trench coat is waiting for you.

He guides you to his car and drives you through a

er. The passing station gates read like a syllabary for expatriates.

Sure enough, three hours later you arrive in Zvolen. An agent-looking Austrian with a red beard dashes up and thrusts out his hand. He is Tim Oros, the founder of the International Fighter Pilot Academy. For two

new Phantom fighters in Vietnam, retired, and wrote a book called *The Fighter Pilot Handbook*. He still likes wearing a flight suit.

The IFPA's objective, he explains, is to disseminate information with the principles of aerodynamics, aircraft control, and fighter-jet tactics. Students will practice taking the controls for basic maneuvers and, even, if they have previous piloting experience, do takeoffs and landings. You learn the Roberts

and rightening your mistakes. You learn the ejection procedure. You embody the code of the fighter pilot. Are you ready? You are ready.

The night before you go up, you are invited to a meal by the instructors. Each works for years on a single plane and comes to regard it as affectionately as its only child. The aeronauts show their hospitality by buying radiant beers and plates of salty strong cheese. When you rise weakly to go



The student: The author, preparing for the inevitable

Gabo, the crew chief of the MIG you will fly tomorrow, claps your hand and makes a show of furiously praying that you will bring his plane back intact.

The next day you realize you have made a mistake. A quassy mistake is a lobby. Your tutor is Lieutenant Colonel Frank Zsoldos, the Slovakian Air Force's display pilot for the MIG-21. Whenever the Slovaks want to show off how the MIG can drag around the sky, Frank obliges.

You slip yourself into a tight-fitting G suit, a system of pressure tubes that circulate your calves, thighs, and stomach. Over that goes a blue-gray Slovakian flight suit, worn so that the G-suit hose floats provocatively out of the left pocket. You walk down the flight line, past the

Central Europe at 500 miles per hour: The legendary MIG-21, hurtling heavenward

border checkpoints to the ramp of a former communist country. In a city of cobblestone streets, he takes you for a lunch of fried pork and potatoes, and then delivers you to the train station. In three hours, he tells you, get off at Zvolen. You will be met by another man.

The journey takes you through rolling hills dotted with cows. You are eyed by the rump-checked conceals who share your cabin as you roll beneath the crumbling ruins of castles, alongside the banks of a snubbling river.

years, he has been working with the Slovakian Air Force to put Western countries in the cockpit of frontline Soviet fighter jets.

Oros drives you to the village of Slanik, home of the 59th Slovakian Air Force Training Wing and of a hole-in-the-wall named Mamo. Inside the latter, manning a post of Slovakian pilot in Oros's pajamas, John Roberts. Rob-



The instructor: The unflappable Colonel Frank Zsoldos, taking charge

Over the next few days, you live at the air force base, wear an air force flight suit, eat in the air force canteen. You learn the No procedure, a way to keep from passing out at high g's by granting



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miles of MiG-21's and never MiG-21's looking like so many metal shreds.

Gentle, slow swimmers over your MiG-21 seem close up, as stark lines reveal a complexity of nozzles, lips, releases.

A hoarse technician helps you into the tiny cockpit, quickly but not delicately, cramming you in a mass of hand-labeled Cyrillic instructions. You are strapped into the ejection seat, oxygen supply, micro-ox, wires, and various restraining harnesses and you are virtually unmovable.

Before he ditches off the plane, the technician removes a pair of red-tagged pins, the pound of high explosives under your seat is now fused. Pull the red wire loops and the ejection seat will fire you upward at seventeen g's. Unless your head is well back against the seat, the acceleration will snap your neck.

The engines begin to turn, and you are swallowed in a quaking vibration. The aircraft, you realize, is little more than two seats and a pair of stubby wings attached to a monstrous engine. You have passed beyond the realm of personal inquiry. Inevitably.

Frank turns the MiG down to the end of the runway, lines up, and waits for the all clear. The tower says go. With this instruction, Frank brings the power to full, so that the whole airframe is shaking with excited force, and then less so. The plane jumps forward, burbling down the asphalt track like a rocket sled, turns up, and loops into the air.

You are climbing nearly straight up, the horizon appearing around you, as that you have no idea which way is up, only a vague sense of

where it was three seconds ago. You are too confused to pause before Frank levels off at a thousand meters. "Clay!" "Clay!" you answer, slightly nauseated.

Frank comes around over the runway again, as

no longer the ground but the whisper of a cloud layer that you are barrelling toward, punching through, then coming over the top upside down to plunge back toward the earth. Again the G suit clutches you. Not an ejection seat, and in the G meter quivers past 5, you can feel the flesh on your face sagging in

grods toward the cockpit floor. Someone is pulling taffy with your insides. You groan, squint, perspire.

After three loops, Frank levels off. "Clay?" he asks. "Clay?" you say weakly, touching the stickiness big in your pocket.

MiG-29

Full speed this time and only a hundred meters high. The aerodrome is whipping, thrillingly past, but suddenly everything is disturbingly wrong, because the ground is now overhead and you are doing a headstand on the canopy, watching the dirt fall up from the floor like snow. Frank turns the aircraft right-side up. "Clay?" "Clay?" you answer, nauseated.

A hundred kilometers of foothills and tiled valleys and snowcapped mountains now under your head. Frank banks into a long curve alongside a cliff of ice and snow and then whips a few dozen meters above a ski resort peak.

Back up at altitude, Frank puts the MiG level and gives you the stick. Gently you bank it to the left and then to the right.

Frank takes back the stick, angles the jet through a 45-degree turn, and tells you to do the same. You oblige, slowly. In your hands, the Soviet fighter jet turns help up, then rights itself. You are intact.

Frank is back in control. You are upside down, pointed straight at the ground, slammed into your seat with an ever-increasing force, strangled from below by the pressure suit. And then it is



MiG-21

You are at four thousand meters, stepping over cotton-candy clouds. Frank lets you do more rolls. Flying upside down seems like nothing now. When you've finished, Frank turns you back to flat, the ground greedily rising at the runway corner into sight.

When you touch down, your stomach is nearly in your throat and your face is clamping, but the lightness of normal gravity is sooth- ing. The jets go back into the ground.

I-26

Then, the buckles and wires are unlatched, and you are allowed to clamber to the ground, feeling as if you have just torn through a washing-machine spin cycle.

You have survived. The question you have to ask yourself now: Do you want to go again?

—Jeff Wynn

From Bratislava to the High Tatras: Slovakia's Cow Country



WHEN THE amiable divorce between the Czech Republic and Slovakia went through in 1993, the Czechs came a way with the money, the industry, and even of the population, while the Slovaks got... the cows.

"Czechs are smarter," says Slovak Jozef Ledevy, the greatest guide who ferries IUTs (countryside between Vienna and Bratislava). But while Slovakia may envy the Czechs their relatively robust economy, matters are more likely to appreciate Slovakia's expatriate countryside and rustic way of life. Not far from the crumbing forested hills of Evian is the High Tatras, an alpine resort area complete with miniature railway, skiing, skating, mountain biking, and even paragliding. Best of all, it's only sixty minutes by car from Bratislava, on a MiG-31.

The International Fighter Pilot Academy offers MiG training programs for both pilots and engineers. The courses range in length from three to five days and in price from \$6,000 to \$25,000. For information, contact Sky Warriors, 2094 Aviation Circle, Suite B-3, Atlanta, Georgia 30338; 404-495-7000.

CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition



Elvis: The Punk Years

YES, IT'S TIME for another ride on the wacky man-but keep the Good and the Bad Elvis, the Bad Colonel, and the rest of the baggage of mythology. In *Last Days in Memphis* (out this fall from Little,

Brown) Peter Guralnick has something altogether different in mind: Guralnick—poet, novelist, blues and R&B scholar-author, costume-motator of RCA's definitive boxed sets of Elvis Presley's 1950s and 1950s master-acts out to reconstruct

Elvis's early life meticulously, as if a wise an earnest ship inside its claustrophobic bottle of legend.

We've had lots of fun with the King, and the entire literature of Presleyan schadenfreude won't likely be harmed. But it's a potted palate that can't savor as well a reliable assessment of heartland mythopoeia—a surprising portrait of the young Elvis onstage as a gorm-gorming, foul-mouthed, guitar-thumping, hip-shaking apparition. Here we get

a fresh look at the many turns in his career—and take in some new territory, too. Elvis and Lorraine as a happy duo; Elvis and Milton Berle's onscreen love, posing on an aircraft carrier—and across a cultural chasm. Big Apple songwriters Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller doing double takes as "this luscious" proves to be an "ideal sound"—as, in fact, it turns out. "he knew all kinds of stuff" about Negro music.

Guralnick ends his account in 1958, with Presley in uniform, leaving his mother. A second volume will follow—but no time soon, says the author. Meanwhile, we're given to ponder the late mystery of Elvis in its richest, more realistic incarnations: how out of such rule, unquestioning circumstances could emerge this punk who sang rhythm and blues as best any cracker ever did.

—REV. DISCUSSION



So fake: Shuler and Lunsby

Raise a Glass, Darling

IF ANYONE tries to build a mirror up to reality, then illusorically fabulous—the 1990's notion that has been the rage on E!—rips that mirror off the wall, into a few hours of blow on it, and watches it all down with a little *Verve* (Chicago). In other words, it's a bit decadent, darling, but will turn inevitable American talent on its head. *Abolish the Fifties*—as an anti-buff who've been, avidly trading boozing copies say, *abandon*—has just performed at the Marquis on Comedy Central. Consider Shuler (who created and writes the show) as Edna, a brilliant PK woman who's a berry looking for her and drink, and James Lunsby (giving off major John Trumbull) as her meaty best friend, Ping, who's also on the ground for, shall we say, *darling*, a still see Betty Ford (Edna) and Christina Loomis (Ping) adore. With all that booze, smoking, and sex, your TV's never had it so good in



Wild rider: Presley on the train to Memphis, July 1956

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RESTAURANTS

John Mariani



Faultless Dining in L. A.

NATURE'S wake-up calls have understandably made Los Angelenos a bit skittish about venturing out for a good meal lately and as a result, a troubling number of highly touted restaurants—City, Rice, Pangea—were under in the past year. A few new places, however, succeeded in getting the population out of its doldrums this summer.

INTO THE HALL

That Pasadena should be the hottest scene of the moment gets you something about dinner's desire to build a bit out of downtown or crash in L. A. The excellent Chinese restaurant, Yunnan Kuan, has been joined near door by French, Healy's Provencal-style Xosmos. They're three deep at the bar at Ron and they're lapping up the taps at Orosco, near to the Pasadena Playhouse.

But the biggest hit of the season is **Twix Palace** (on West Green Street, 515-577-

2576), which has been filling its four hundred seats day and night. Possibly they come in hopes of spotting investor Kevin Connors, but more certainly they're here for the kind of classic California cooking chef/patron Michael Roberts pioneered more than a decade ago in the now-defunct Truapp. With nothing on the menu more than \$15.50, you can indulge in Roberts's flour-crust pizzas with sausage, feta, and mushrooms; rotisserie-browned chicken with cilantro and garlic; lean of pork with sage and garlic; gnocci; and, signature French toast with fruit brittle. Most people prefer the comfort of the huge patio, perhaps because they'd prefer to have matched white canvas rather than concrete come down on their heads if the big one hits. After all, no one's good just out there, too.

THE KEY, BAKE, FACTOR

Food wins never the prize at **Marston** (3764 Melrose Av-

No overboard: Under the big white canvas at Twix Palace.

enue, 370-275-5105). Seeing your close personal friends Peter Guber, Mike Ovitz, and David Geffen was—and still is—at Peter Morton's more much larger, much more extensive quarter (his step-daughter Sophie designed the place), where woman bartender Jack Morris still makes Hollywood's best martinis. The new dining room is cozy, the bar is a bit more isolated, and the food, under new chef Brian Keller, is now worth talking about. His abalone risotto with caramelized vegetables, scallops and quinoa pasta, Chicken au bon with banana rice and mango vodka, and the city's most voluptuous apple tart with caramel sauce all vie with the basic burgers, lamb chops, and crab cakes that have been pleasing Morton's customers for years. What's more, the new Morton—whose opening the day after the January earthquake signaled a return to normalcy—is now serving lunch.

IT AIN'T DE MEXICAN, IT'S DE MEXICAN

L. A. a club scene may be off its pace, but maybe that's because everyone's packing in to **House of Blues** (6430 Sunset Boulevard, 311-590-0007), Isaac Tigrett and Stan Aykroyd's association's latest homage to America's greatest contribution to music. Tables are set on several levels, and the bar swings away at show time so you can see the arena onstage—all within an exterior made to look like a corrugated-metal Delta juke joint. Decorated with a sterling collection of black fella art, House of Blues is as much a museum as it is a place to see good players of pork barbecue, jumbo, gumbo, chicken fried steak, and bourbon-laced bread pudding, and to hear—sorry night of the week—the world's greatest blues artists from Otis Rush and Little Richard to Leon Redbone. If Will Denny had had soul, he would have put House of Blues out in Anaheim. **H**



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Murder: The Ultimate Art Form

Notes on O. J., suicide, and killing as the new national theater

IKNEW ALL ALONG that whole thing about O. J., threatening to blow his head off was a load," the police source was telling me. We were standing at the back of the Los Angeles Criminal Court building, waiting on that cloudless June morning for the van that was bringing O. J. Simpson from the central jail for his arraignment. The van had already left the prison. The TV crews stationed outside the courthouse followed its progress on small monitors that played the live feed from cameras stationed along the route.

"In all the years I've been on these cases," the source went on, "I've never seen a celebrity—someone who's good looking, whose face is the key to their living—kill themselves by blowing their head off."

The van carrying Simpson pulled onto Los Angeles Street. As it turned down into the court building's basement garage, the cameras swung in unison to follow it. The van's windows had a tint as dark as ink. No one could see inside.

"They'll either sue or pull," the source was saying. "Or maybe shoot themselves in the chest. But not the head."

WHATEVER IT WAS BECAUSE I hadn't taken the issue of celebrity suicide into account, but I'd had the opposite reaction to a prospect of a Simpson suicide. Like most people, I had at first found it inconceivable that O. J. could have killed his ex-wife, then, as the evidence mounted, felt it was inconceivable that he hadn't. And if he was the killer, it didn't seem unlikely that he would have considered taking his own life as well. To the contrary, the surprise would be that in the end, he failed to act on the impulse.

Books such as George Cole's *Engines of Suicide* attempt to

give the impression that the precursor is inexplicable, but the reasons are most often straightforward. If not motivated by depression or failing health, people who commit suicide are usually driven by the threat of imminent scandal or the belief they've done something unforgivable. "It's too late for me," Pennycuik's state treasurer Budd Dwyer said before shooting himself in the stomach at a press conference he had called in 1995, after being convicted of bribery.

In certain societies—Japan and to a lesser extent Britain—such scandal-driven suicides are regarded as logical, even, at times, admirable. While Americans are changing their minds about suicide for the terminally ill, the cultural taboo against it still prevails in every other circumstance. That O. J. didn't choose such a course is seen by his supporters as a sort of moral victory. "You do not want to be remembered as someone who ran from a bad situation," his friend the former football player Jim Hill observed during the unforgettable *Beavis* ride. (This was perhaps the most bizarre comment made that afternoon, as two newspapers began that the same way to save Simpson was to appeal to his vanity and that he had, at

this point, any reputation left to save.)

But if Simpson did kill his ex-wife—the mother of two of his children and a woman he has said he loved—why would he want to go on living? Many of those who commit crimes of passion find the guilt and remorse unbearable. But even if that is not the case for O. J.—and it apparently isn't—what sort of life did he think he might have once he'd murdered? If convicted, he would either face the death penalty or spend the rest of his life in prison. If acquitted on an insanity defense, he would spend the rest of his life in a mental institution. Even if, as could well happen, a jury acquitted him of some lesser crime or let him off altogether, he would become—as happened with Perry Ashcraft after the obese actor murdered a nurse in 1921—a pariah in Hollywood and the sports world. By destroying his persona and with it his sense of himself, he has already in one respect ended his life. O. J. the celebrity, the myth, and the dogwood no longer exists.

And, again assuming Simpson did it, how would he see post-Sydney and Justin, his two children by Nicole, to meet



Curtains: Even if he's found not guilty, Simpson will never be free again.



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no hint? Would they be expected to forgive him? Or, if he's acquitted, to subscribe to the fiction of his innocence? For as long as he lives, he would present them with the dilemma of how to respond emotionally to the father who killed their mother. So many of the pathetic writers who kill their wives or girlfriends also kill themselves, and a case can be made that if Simpson is guilty, he should have followed suit. Maybe, for his supporters, the fact that he didn't kill himself is the best evidence of his innocence.

BUT THIS IDEA, that suicide would have been a natural and perhaps honorable way out for Simpson, was based on the assumption that his character and circumstances were some- what like those of Othello. The Othello analogy became almost obligatory in the weeks after Simpson's arrest, but most people making it were content to point out the interracial marriage and the fall of a hero. Much more revealing about Simpson is the difference between him and the tragic Shakespearean character: Othello surrendered to inner demons. When he returned to his senses, he was overcome with honor at what he had done and found it impossible to continue living.

Maybe Simpson planned the crime for weeks. But the truly shocking violence of the attack on Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman (the near decapitations, the deep, multiple stab wounds) suggested he had made a surprise visit to Nicole's townhouse, had discovered Goldman there and had reacted with homicidal rage. Once the rage subsided, according to the logic of this assumption, he would have been seized with unbearable remorse.

Just how faulty this assumption was became clear the day of O.J.'s arraignment, the day he first appeared—almost comatose but also strangely fashionable in his dark-blue suit and white shirt buttoned to the top—in Judge Kathleen Kennedy Powell's courtroom. After the arraignment, and after Marcia Clark, the pale, intense prosecutor with the prominent eyes and shag haircut, had held a press conference in the ornate court's black-marble lobby, Simpson's lawyer, Robert Shapiro, held his own press conference in a ground-floor meeting room at 1111 Avenue of the Stars.

Journalists like me covering both press conferences had rushed from downtown Los Angeles to Century City Prosecutor Clark, in her network debate, had been slightly stiff in the face of hovering reporters. But Shapiro was generously relaxed. A small man with an overcast brow and eyebrows like two snakes of short pelts, Simpson's attorney is the author of the essay "Using the Media to Your Advantage." With hypocrisy that was a marvel of shamelessness, he launched into a vicious attack on district attorney Gil Garcete for trying the case in the press. Then, when asked about his strategy, he made one of the most revealing statements of the after show for "Every possible defense," Shapiro explained with a sly grin, "has to be considered by any good lawyer."

In other words, the defense strategy would not be to bring forward the facts that proved O.J. could not have killed Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman. Instead, much resembling the defense last year of the two men accused of beating the trucker Reginald Denny during the L.A. riots, it would be to assert that the justice did not do it, but that if he did, he couldn't be held responsible, and if he was responsible, the proof linking him to the crime had been improperly obtained and so couldn't be used against him. Shapiro soon demonstrated that this was indeed his strategy by arguing, without success, that the evidence the police acquired during their search of Simpson's house was inadmissible—arguably an admission of guilt.

When I recently asked one of New York's top criminal defense attorneys whether his modest claims actually commensured the crimes with which they were charged, he said, "They probably did it, but the state didn't have the evidence to convict." Indeed, everyone charged with a crime is entitled to a vigorous defense. This, in what has been embraced as the lawyer's standard recommendation for defending the guilty, protects the "sanctity of the system." Which is why we've all long become used to the sight of unequivocally guilty killers set free, smiling as they leave the court.

Such technical defenses, of course, do nothing to exonerate the defendant. But many people who react to these strategies have no objection to releasing



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anyway his men, cowboys, officers, they sink back into the city civil. People with any kind of social standing tend to be reformist not just with avoiding parliament but with establishing their innocence or justifying their behavior. O.J. is because clear during the preliminary hearing, would like to just walk away from it all if he could.

This scene the attitude of a man with no remorse, of someone who feels no need to explain what really happened either to his family, his friends, his fans, or probably even to himself if so, his narcissism, much deeper and more pathological than anyone previously imagined, extends far beyond mere physical victory. But that explanation of his character conforms to reports from jail sources that even during the preliminary hearing O.J. was planning a new life in the Caribbean once he was acquitted. In other words, instead of struggling with the spiritual horror of what had happened, he was already imagining himself lounging in a beach mock, ordering a pina colada while slyly analyzing the way the thing works by the time his honey lying poolside upturns her bikini into two tiny towels.

IT BECAME COMMON during the saturation coverage of the Simpson case for a certain type of celebrity to deliver pseudo to public over the public's fascination with it, to try to explain the masses' use of millions of people found it riveting, and, inevitably, to suggest there was something unhealthy about this fascination or, at the very least, that there were serious subjects far more deserving of the media's scrutiny.

The more reputable commentators never oggishness felt that, like the lion mugs that run endless interviews with heads of state alongside the photographs of peppy natives, they had stepped up as essentially tabloid story with "serious" sociological insights. Articles laced by all manner of antisocial-group agendas deconstructed the case as a metaphor for sexual abuse, as the natural extension of the locker-room culture, and, most trenchantly, as an illustration of the rage felt by black men who have to repress their true selves to succeed in a white society.

But we all love a good murder. There is no need to apologize for it. Thomas De Quincey declared murder as art form in the early 1800s. To

De Quincey, and to most devotees of true crime in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, what distinguished a murderer was his literary properties: mystery, suspense, complexity of motive, the dramatic steps with which a was carried out and then solved.

The literary murder always had a Victorian quality. The murderer killed to solve a problem. He usually killed someone he knew, and he needed to maintain respectability afterward, which is why he took such pains to avoid detection. That, in turn, accounted for the mystery.

In his 1946 essay "Deduce of the English Murder," George Orwell reported that by the end of World War II, British school readers were complaining that "you never seem to get a good murder nowadays." Orwell attributed this "decline" to the fact that killings had become more random, senseless, and violent. Men and women, he felt, no longer murdered for reasons that were, if not excusable, at least understandable. He lamented the disappearance of "strong emotions" as a motive.

Motives for many murders were changing. They were not necessarily becoming less interesting, but they were becoming less literary and instead more theatrical. The discreet poisoning, the method of dispatch favored by Victorian murderers, was replaced by the gaudy bloodbath. Equivalently, staged murders gave way to hastily planned ones, genital mysteries to gross spectacles.

This development paralleled the shift in emphasis in postwar society from conformity to individualism, usually expressed through some sort of exhibitionistic display. Murder was not just a means to an end; it was a way of making a statement. The last quarter century or so has, in fact, amounted to a sort of golden age of the theatrical murder. This period can be divided into three rough phases, with the murders that excited public imagination in each phase being those that reflected the particular middle-class anxieties of the time.

The first was defined, of course, by the Manson murders and their derivative, the killings of the wife and children of Cotton Barrett doctor Jeffrey MacDonald. Unapologetically bloody crime scenes established there not as murder mysteries but as horror stories. The slaughter of innocents and the impression of fiendish designations in the

service of inconceivable politics seemed the very specifications of counter-culture anxiety.

The crime that caught the public's imagination during the Seventies was the serial killing. These murders were virtually plotless. They now and then, the murderer merely responded to the impulse to kill, encountered a stranger, and hacked the victim to pieces. But that very randomness, even random-like ambiguity gave the crimes the ritual power of a medieval morality play. The sexual rage in the murders committed by Ted Bundy, John Wayne Gacy, and David Berkowitz evoked the dark side of the sexual revolution. Ugly compulsions lurked behind sexual impulses, these crimes suggested. Casual encounters yielded fatal consequences. Ambivalence about sexual liberation, largely unexamined at the time, was displaced onto the trial of bodies the Seventies serial killers left in their wake.

The drive by killing was the characteristic murder of the Eighties. Also characteristic of this decade was how often we seemed to loose as meaning in what was typical about it. For example, while the standard of living steadily declined, we all became preoccupied with the relative few—Trump, Milken, Garfinkel, Steinberg—who were making vast amounts of money. Suddenly the trials that once captured our attention were for the two great good crimes that stood as bookends of the Eighties: the attempted poisoning of Sonny von Bulow in 1981 and the shotgun execution of Jose and Kitty Menendez in 1989.

The mena overdose that sent Sonny von Bulow into a coma without quite killing her had the calculated subtlety of a Victorian murder. But Claus von Bulow, convinced by a jury of attempted murder and acquitted by a doctor, was a disturbingly Eighties character. He had a mesmerizing vulgarity and a craving for wealth ruled enough to equal that of the decade's other money-hungry villains. Like all worries about the depravities of the rich, the von Bulow parable reassured the middle class that there was something inherently unwholesome about having too much money. Money not only failed to bring happiness, it was psychically corrosive. Money twisted people.

Thus, too, was the lesson of the Menendez murders: that that cue was

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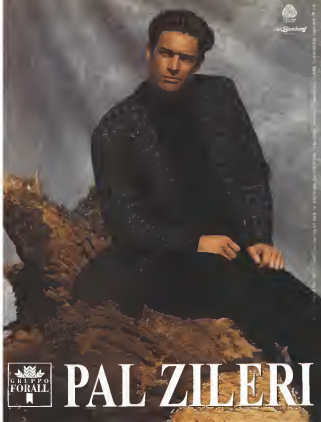
AMERICAN SCENE

also traditional. While an English movie, *gentle*, was ascribed to the two paragon brothers, they opted for a Nineties delectable: victimization. Robbing and quivering in their creaky-neck sweaters on the witness stand, Lyle and Erik assumed that they had killed because they were in pain.

The *Simpson* case is even more compelling. De Quincey would have found it unreasonable like all great crimes, it concerns itself with the revelation of character through action. On top of that, *Simpson* was, in the global village, everybody's neighbor. We all felt we knew him, and we all experienced the delirium—the disconcerting sense of having misapprehended the world—that anyone feels when the ignominious man down the block cuts off his wife's head. At the same time, the case represents an extraordinary summation of the legendary murders of the last quarter century. To begin with, the baroque horror of the crime scene at Nicole Brown's Brentwood townhouse is comparable to that of the scene at Sharon Tate's Benedict Canyon mansion. In both cases, the police resorted to "rivers of blood" imagery to describe the carnage.

Assuming O.J. is the murderer, the notorious gas recordings suggest that his crime was like the serial killings of the Scientists, rooted in obsessive sexual rage. And, as with the defining great crimes of the Twentieth, it reveals the moral vacuum that, to the consternation of the middle class, informs the lives of so many of the privileged.

But in addition to reworking the motifs of its precursor murders, the *Simpson* case has created nearly new aesthetic categories. News and entertainment merged seamlessly in the great stylized chase up the San Diego freeway. The strategies of the dinner menu and the actress-adventurer were both subsumed into the live feed. The discoidal distinctions between actors and audience collapsed. The people who were watching the chase on television and who then rushed out to witness it, live, not only became actors in the show themselves, they reduced it. Deena yielded to comedy in one uninterrupted continuum, a menacing narrative both covered and interrogated by television. It was, quite simply, the triumph of theater as an American performance art. ■



PAL ZILERI

LETTER FROM VIETNAM

Chuck Pfeifer with Ivan Solotaroff

The Ballad of a Green Beret

More than two decades ago, he lost his humanity. Back in the jungle, he tries to reclaim it.

ILIE IN BED in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, paralyzed from the brain down. My visa and plane ticket for Vietnam sit on the night table, next to a glass of Jack Daniels—I think it's my seventh tonight. On the back of the chair across the room is a parka from the 22nd SAS commando team. I trained with them as a young Green Beret captain with the 10th Special Forces in Germany in 1967. The century that these are all I really have left at fifty-two has been in my stomach between the waves of terror, the anxiety runs through my chest to the bones of my feet, my heart races, my hands and hands are cold, and finally all that's left is this terror. I'm breaking down, and everything seems me, the night table, the chair, this bed. I'm so scared I can't even get up for the Kasha in my gear and put an end to tonight's snack. What about tomorrow night? I'll be in Hanoi then.

In twenty-five years, I've never dreamed of Vietnam, but in the last year, I've been waking from a nightmare that I'm back at West Point, a year off to go, another year of taking orders. I'm following an order right now, and it's taking me back to Vietnam. It seems as if my whole generation is trying to do the same thing, all these intrusive apprentices of Rite Shirts, the Ia Drang, Hamburger Hill. I'm having a hard time of it, because I have very few regrets in Vietnam, I was a destroyer.

You have to go full circle to get out of a trap like this. It's when me twenty-five years just to get back here to Japan, and I came on a stretcher from Vietnam then, a week before Christmas 1968, still mentally strong but with my blood drenched—malaria, hepatitis, Asian virus. I recently found a letter I wrote home. "This death and killing... I want out. This just becoming human again... For a while there, it was ques-

tionable." There was a young lieutenant in the hospital, his eyes blown away by mortar fire, and I gave him a tour of the grounds as he sat in his wheelchair. A brass band in the yard was playing "God Bless Ye, Merry Gentlemen," soft and doleful, and I started choking up. I pushed it back with very little trouble. I really hadn't become human at all. I think that's self-questionable. That's why I'm going back to Vietnam.

I WENT TO WAR with a monster pedigree. I was a privileged kid, reared on Park Avenue, I was a football player, which meant a lot then, I held my liquor, which meant even more, and I was Ivy League, after my own fashion. I'd been kicked out of Dartmouth for taking an A+ to my dorm-room door one drunken night, and in those days you could get back in by giving Uncle Sam two years. I sailed through boot camp on a football scholarship, in essence—I don't think I marched once or cleaned a single toilet—then made it into West Point, dreaming of big-time football and, down the road, heroism. The Ivy League was history.

I was a lonely child, which probably saved my life. The top of my class at '63 took the prize career slots, and a huge number lost their lives in the Nam. I went into the infantry and found my true self as unconventional warrior. By the time I landed in Saigon, a month after the Tet Offensive, I'd seen through the Rangers, Airborne, and Paratrooper schools, and I'd jumped, dived, land Ute, and gotten disfigured with all the great special ops units the NATO forces of democracy had to offer. I was in the Project, and these were five West Pointers with me.

The Project, or SOG (Special Operations Group), was the invisible backbone of the Vietnam War, created after the CIA recognized that it couldn't cope with the amount of sabotage and covert action required by the enemy. The Project was described in secrecy and grandeur, and we had tremendous pride in it. It was a SOG operation that precipitated the Gulf of Tonkin incident. We were riddled with spoils and mercenaries called from seemingly every byway of Southeast Asia. Montagnard villagers, a basket Caribbean tribe the CIA had trained, and Nung, fierce south Chinese hillmen, I occasionally commanded a battalion of Nung. There were Air America pilots out of Taiwan, former Legionnaires, and



Dressed to kill: Pfeifer in a photo he used for a Christmas card, 1968.

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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

"displaced persons" Eastern European commandos absorbed after World War II. SOG operated out of a half-dozen heavily fortified FOBs (forward operating bases) that were "unusually far beyond" safe, in the thickest part of the shit.

FOB A was a few miles south of Da Nang. The afternoon I arrived, a squadron of F-4s was plugging a mammoth air strike down on Happy Valley, west of Da Nang, taking a whole grid square off the map. I'd seen a huge action from the windows of the Inter-Office Officers' Quarters in Saigon the night before, pretty an aerial harassment with electrically fired 40-mm guns. That was so it, though—the thousand bombs are about per minute, drenched by flames and tracers. This bombing was far more devastating because it was so hypersonic, the landscape so brown and empty. I wandered into the airport, hunger and shot the door behind me. Pitch-black. I struck a match and walked the length of the hangar. I was alone with three hundred marines, all huddled and tugged, good ol' boys with three-part Appalachian names: Billy Ray—, Joe Bob—, going home. I had no way of knowing I'd just come home myself, and that the rest of the world would forever seem a bit alien to me.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER the Christmas bombings, Hanoi is filled with Harvard men—bankers, journalists, corporate liaison officers, high-ups from the MIA issue—and my head is pounding out last night's drunk. I stumble through the lobby of the Pullman Hotel with my girlfriend, Papp, who's come along to shoot pictures. A dim apprehension of what I'm actually doing, here in the ruins of my brain with the residual flames of Jack Daniels. I'm looking for a counterpart. Instead, I see a sign: WELCOME LEVIN BROTHERS. A man in Gap khakis at the reception desk is sending a fax to some new age ranch in Arizona, the lobby and bars teem with sleazy beer salesmen from Singapore and Japanese lumber executives looking remarkably like 1950s IBM midmanagement. There are two lines in the salon, and an elderly New York couple in the rag made us debating whether to have a second dessert. I'm debating whether to switch to vodka

sought or stay with Jack Daniels. John, I call it. My old friend John.

The MIAs are at the news most distasteful. Senator John McCain and John Kerry have flown to form a former FOB in Phu Bai, where Caucasian remains are being turned over by bulldozers. The embassy, which is all anyone here seems to care about, hangs in the balance, and I try to convince myself it's my issue, too. Some of the MIAs were pilots lost on SOG-related missions over the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos, my neck of the woods. Because we operated in "neutral" areas we always went in "sterile"—unidentifiable uniforms, no dog tags, non-standard toxic weapons. We're missing because we are near there.

I spend an hour with General Tom MacDonagh, who runs the American side of the recovery effort, and the former war hero in the Vietnamese Press Office wants to talk about nothing but MIAs. But I can't get with it. I know that part of the trail. Between the tigers and the mosquitoes, the triple-canopy jungle and the seasonal seasonal storms washing away homes, it's unsearchable and unsearchable. I also know the difference between a valid military question and a political hot potato, and the absurdity of confining the two.

So does this cake I'm interviewing. What I don't see at first is that they have become political. All I see is the soldier in them—the magnificent superciliousness of General Needham, the local variations of the hundred-yard stare. Like any vet, I recognize it the moment I see it, on the streets of New York, in Hanoi, at the service. Politics is all I hear, though, the party line, over and over: "You lost this war because you were an army, we were a people. You won battles, our nation won freedom."

After a week of crying, I'm given a brief interview with General Vo Nguyen Giap—only to hear the same speech. He's a tiny, ancient man with a falling voice, but some Polesian reflex grips me the moment we meet outside the press center. It's not so much his military record—victory over the French, the Americans, and the Chinese in successive decades—as his bearing, his assumption of respect and observance. My feet form a steady, reflexed base, my shoulders square, my hand goes up to salute. "I am a graduate of West Point," I introduce myself. My



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shirt is soaked through with sweat, and it smells like John to me.

"I never studied in military college," he says. "I acquired knowledge through experience." Knowledge I got in no change for bloodshed and sacrifice. He talks, diplomatically, about my work with Special Forces, but my attempt to discuss the war brings the pretty line. "[In America, there are many books written about the war in Vietnam, but these books don't answer the burning question: why America lost. I won because I fought for peace and liberty. I fought for my country." I present him with the profits from the second SAS commando novel, and he refuses it, then takes it with a bluntness intended to show that it could have no meaning for him. He seems far more interested in talking to Doug.

I can't leave Hanoi fast enough. With our murder/lover pretter from the press office, we head south on Highway 1 on a mopefully hot morning in a taxi down toward the former DMZ into Quang Tri Province. It's the one road in Vietnam worthy of the word highway, but for van stretches it's little but an unimproved country road. We stop in ramshackle towns where people haven't seen a white man, old women with necks blackened by heat from flag up down from the door of their cots. There's no refrigeration, nothing to eat, just rice and rice soup—a heavy soup masking the stench of old fish heads—and no sign to mark the passage of the DMZ.

You can tell the moment you enter Quang Tri Province, though. They still lose a farmer every day here to buried mines—ours and their—booby traps with hand grenades, the same partially pulled twenty-five years before, poisons widely treated with human feces, not poisons. And the former colonists and settlers I interview are asking questions themselves. *Mr. Special Forces?* How long was your unit? They ask, did I kill any of them. "Sure," I tell them. "Sure I did." The papers. We drove down to a beach, and Page, wearing a beautiful white dress, danced in pants by the tropical water. The town comes out to watch, everyone seemingly twice her age and half her size, and I feel ridiculous.

We get a new murder in Da Nang, Luc, and an hour I begin to feel I've found, if not a counterpart, then a bit of the spirit I'm tracking. In his early forties, Luc was a scout on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, shielding intelligence between Laos, North Vietnamese Army camps, and Da Nang, and he's got that jolt to him, that unmistakable, steady character formed by permanent struggle. He spent his adolescence watching SOG platoons drop into the jungle, and he knows every battle and rivulet from here to the Laotian border.



Old soldiers never die: Father in 1983 with his sometime son-in-law, Vietnamese general Vo Nguyen Giap.

He knows Da Nang, too, which is fortunate. I don't recognize anything. Missing the bright lights of a metropolitan dollar war effort, the big city seems provincial. The street names have changed, the big machinery is gone, the harbor's empty, most of the great French colonial houses are down, and what I see looks, frustratingly enough, like small-town America. Luc helps me find the way to Le Loi Street, where the big white granite house, drunk God, is standing. It doesn't look quite so big, but the number is still on the facade: House 21 The Safe House.

THE FRONT OF THIS address has somehow never occurred to me. Le Loi "the law," 21, signifier of war-torn's paradox. The Safe House was a SOG bar and an occasional warehouse, ringed with sandbags and a dozen Nungs on guard on three. It wasn't so

much a sanctuary for booze and sex as a kind of socialization, which in our own techno fashion we needed for more. In a war that had become anarchic and personal, we were the line, because we were outlaws. The secrecy of our operations hid us with a shield that was equal parts boundlessness and concealment, but we were the sworn pillars of whatever bloodstained villages we lived in or had descended, we had wives and kids here, we had prices on our heads. In House 21, we were at least above the law of man. Though belonging to Charlie, but at the bottom of a bottle, we could take back peace. We could live our day today we liked, and I loved it.

Down the street from House 21, for example, was the MACV Officers' Club, a great place to play dead hog, a drinking game. You are at a table, staring at one another till some one screams, "Dead hog!" and the last man to hit the floor, belly up, legs and arms pointing at the ceiling, buys next round. I was leaving one night with a SOG lieutenant named Mad Mike when a mechanized-industry colonel took exception to our green berets, and we just decided him and his lieutenant. Court-martial time. We shivered down a drainage ditch like sewer rats to House 21, where we were supernas.

It was dark inside. Filled with SEALs and CIA spooks in Ray-Bans and Hawaiian shirts, once and future Hell's Angels in tiger stripes, Montague jewelry on every inch of their necks, wrists, and fingers. It was a scene out of *Tory and the Pirates*, with love among U2s, Brownings, Swedish K's, Garrys, a modified M1. You could get any weapon you wanted, but in House 21 you checked your guns at the bar. These were the real bars and brightest. Swedish Irish from that right-angle grid of the American map that has always provided America with its best soldiers and football players—down the northeast corridor through Pennsylvania, Appalachia, and Georgia to the Florida peninsula, across the Cumberland Pass to El Paso. Drink all night and shoot the sun out of a squirrel at the crack of dawn.



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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

I remember one suspect, a Kentucky boy assigned in Thang Duc, a perilous village/fort that was sporting distance from Laos. He had a Winchester Model 97 that never left his side, and in the barracks he hung it above the kitchen mantel, life back home. It gave him a sense of purpose, of being bigger than life. It was his American hero. When the fort was mortared in June '68, the Winchester fell off the wall and discharged a round into his gut, and that was the end of the recruit.

I STAYED HEDGING OUT ON A BAYOU movement pass on the road to Thang Duc, Highway 14. Maybe it's the luxury of the service. Maybe it's the lack of drink. Page has gotten me off the scene for two days now.

On both sides, the ancient emerald hills of Yung Bui Mountains spread down to the Song Cai River. Up ahead, a fork in the road leads to Kham Duc, three miles south of Thang Duc. Most of my missions were assigned out of Kham Duc, and I've flown over this jungle forest of times, looking down over the strut of the chopper for an elephant or a tiger or the huge fish in the Song Cai's pristine waters—fish whose every aspect you could see from five hundred feet above. There's a smell of fresh-cut lumber, and I suddenly realize what's bugging me. Whole swaths of the Song forest have been scored off by foreign landmines. Land tells me—and there's not a single fish to be seen in the Song Cai. We called this entire area Apache country. There were a lot of bad guys here.

"Are there still elephants in this jungle?" I ask Luc.

"Gone," he says. "All dead."

"And are the tigers all gone?" Luc could smell one on the trail. All I smelled was the acid smell of the NVAs' Baby cigarettes, and I knew where it was safe to light up our Camels and Kools. Luc makes when I tell him that he could pick up our spare just by the difference of our sweat. It reeked of the repellent we used for mosquitoes and leeches.

"The tigers gone. Too much logging," he says with an exaggerated expression of loss. He has the look of an actor, a soldier—saying nothing, everything. It's like hearing about a buddy lost on the trail, only now all I care

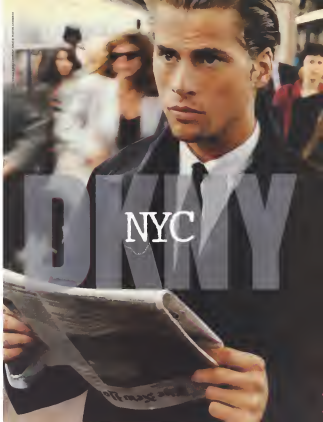
about is fucking one. Just up the road, I'd called in an strike that would take the feet off a mountain like this.

Kham Duc, like Dien Bien Phu, is in a mountain valley, difficult to maintain in wartime, until it was overrun in July '68, it was one of the war's great, if little known, hot spots. Three NVA divisions kept it under constant fire, as did the VC, who lived in a cave deep inside the Tung Yien. Our purpose here was psychological as much as logistical, and the mission we flew out of Kham Duc were *personal*. We'd destroy hospitals, lay mines, poison rice, and place radios tuned to broadcasts of a fictitious "resistance" movement, and we killed just about everyone we saw.

Then I'd call in air strikes, and the road or jungle I'd been on or in became history. Napalm was standard, but for other obnoxious there was something like an air-bite, a B-52 strike. *Everyone here remembers air lights as if they happened yesterday.*

My anger leaves me in Kham Duc, replaced by a strange feeling of weakness. It's not anxiety or guilt or even the cognitive dissonance that crept up on me in Da Nang. It just feels like depletion. I try to pass it together. For six months running, I'd leave this village, drop out of the sky into a place that, officially, I was never in, experience something that would alter me, then talk on the radio with the PAC (Americans are controllers) and just watch it all come to be. In Kham Duc, I realize for the first time that I've become an old man. And everything I know of Kham Duc has vanished. It's just a bucolic mountain hamlet now, dirt-poor, beautiful, happy. Page wants to buy the town a TV set. The local cop doesn't believe I'm here as a journalist—I don't believe it myself—and he bats me.

While I sit in jail, I think about air strikes. For days, you'd smell the cordite, along with an insupportably earthy odor of plowed terrain. I saw one a moon mission four hours after one went off here. It didn't seem that there was anything to report—the site looked like a Matthew Brady photo of Chattanooga—but within an hour we were surrounded by the three hundred or so NVA the B-52's were to have vaporized. The weather turned bad quickly—no air support or choppers to whisk us off. The bombs had blown a



ridge off the top of a hill, and I ordered my company to the top, only to see. We dug in, set up sandbags and interlocking fields of fire, then waited in the rain to receive their mortars.

The ridge was narrow, and after a few hours of rockets exploding around us, it was clear they couldn't sustain a hit. Still, after the last night, the idea of sleeping flesh-curd under the cordons. We had a Green Beret and a Nung dead under a tarp, and the hillside was littered with enemy corpses. I woke the second morning to find a dead NVA twenty feet away, a flamethrower in his hands. By the third day, the smell of the jungle was overpowering, and a chopper was burning on the side of the hill, shot down after dropping supplies into our perimeter. I remember the sadness of watching the planes, the white fire of the magnesium ball exploding, and that strangely dull feeling that came with knowing lives had just been lost.

What I don't remember feeling is fear. I know we'd blow them all to hell once the weather broke, which is exactly what happened. After three days of talking to the FAC, I was put on frequency with a Phantom F-4 pilot, and he had a sense of humor. His plane came out of the clouds at four hundred miles per hour, and as he passed over, he came on frequency one last time. "Two-sevens," he said, in the corner. A minute later, four more planes came down and carried a mile of vultures into pulmonary, and I know I'd be back in civilization in a few hours, a shot of John in front of me, a hellos war story to tell the boys in House 33. "Ret-ur-ur."

WAR STORIES Mine ended in July '69, when a mosquito bit me by the banks of the Song Chu. Palpation malaria is like blackwater fever, cycles from extreme body aches to cold-degree fevers, bringing delirium. In the hospital in Da Nang, they'd shove me into an ice-water bath, and I'd shiver for an hour, lose it to a dead-end sleep, then wake to start the cycle again. The nurses saved my life, because I would have signed up for a second war in a heartbeat. I'd fallen in love with the war—the adrenaline rush, the lack of self-interest. There was no morality, just control and endless pas-

sion on line, single-file down a jungle path. They call it post-traumatic stress disorder now but it never felt like trauma to me. It felt like doing right.

I try to find it once more, at FOB 4, on the way back to Hanoi. It's become a Vietnamese Army camp, full of blue-clad soldiers. Across the road is a white sand beach with big waves in the fall, which bring the surfers over, and endless ice shanties open every morning, howling folk, beer, scooters.

I came back here out of the hospital in August '68, forty pounds lighter, and took an exalted desk job with clear access to a colonel's rank. I ought have taken that path, but the heat was soon overrun by a company of sappers. It was the darkest night in Green Beret history—we lost seventeen—and the closest I came to trauma. Most people would call it a righteous man murder event. I've always just felt lucky I survived. Lucky Chucky.

I shot my first sapper in the head with the Browning, a man I kept under my pillow, right through the screen window above my bed. It was just past midnight, and I hadn't realized yet what was happening. The boom-boom boom of mortars and M16's was every-where, then automatic weapons—Car-9's and the whizzing pop-pop-pop, pop-pop of AK-47's. The realization that we'd been overrun came with the sound of the back door creaking open, then the clumpy-clumpy-clump-clump of a hand grenade rolling across the floor. I threw my mattress over me, then blew out the front door when the explosion came, landing yards away, naked, barely conscious, watching bed us running by. The sappers were clearly high on something and wore only breechcloths and gray bandanas—no they wouldn't be admonished against the sand—as they leaped to the other side of the FOB with weaker bodies of grenades.

I went back in and put on my pants, flak jacket, and weapons, then went to work. I killed steadily, like Sgt. Rock, until, till the sun rose, the adrenaline pouring through my body, my ears ringing from the grenade shot had blown me out of the booth. At 6:00 in the morning, I was sitting in the FOB's bar with a shot of John when one of my Nungs came in, screaming about two sappers hiding in the latrine.

We'd been taking prisoners, but I wasn't in the mood. I loaded a dip and went down to the latrinehouse. Their faces were visible through a hole in the back of the building, and I just shot the whole thing down, then reduced their bodies to small mounds. It was like taking a palookaville to a pair of water-melons. That gave me a taste for it, and I walked the perimeter and shot every corpse I could find through the pumpkin. It wasn't anger—just knowing that would probably be my last taste. Five weeks later, I came down with hepatitis, then the Asian mono, and that was it for me.

MY LAST NIGHT in Vietnam, I finally find my counterpart, over a bottle of John in the bar of the Government House, a hotel-for-officials-in-discount. Here, his name is Dr. Hoang Binh, a philosophy professor, former lieutenant with the 7th NVA Division, and a truly arrogant character. He's the first man willing to drop the I fought-for-peace last-words we're close to the bottom of the bottle—and he doesn't give a fuck about MIA's. "We have three hundred thousand missing from the war," he says, "three million dead. Don't tell me about your two thousand." He wants to punch my face in, and I want to punch him, finally. He wants to go dancing with Paige, God knows what else—the best idea I've heard since I got here.

"Be my guest," I finally say in my best you-kids-have-a-good-time voice. I go outside with them and watch him get Paige, in her designer bush outfit, on the back of his Honda four-banger. Halfway down the road, he gives it a good throttle, and I smile and watch my life pass before me.

I stepped out of the army right onto a Harley and spent the next twenty-five years on one, going eighty miles per hour up Bush Avenue while the city slept. I hadn't spent a dime of my soldier's pay, just sent it home to my kid brother, a stockbroker, who parlayed it into some 400,000, which I used to start Chapter Two money-dance, nuts to go to work at—Young & Rubicam—club memberships, women. At twenty-eight, I still found them a mystery. For ten years, the menu had been whorers and greenie's daughters. But I married happily for eight years



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LETTER FROM VIETNAM

and worked my way up the social registry and center park, living as though I'd never been to war. For a few years, I was the Vietnam Mike, my face plastered across Times Square, and between parentheticals in advertising production companies, I became a hit part actor, playing innocent and snarley corporate types.

My marriage fell apart in 1970, and I spent the decade like the rest of my crew, earning too much money, having too much sex, and, with a few famous writers and actors, sending a small South American country up my nose. And drinking. One Halloween party in 1971, at Nelly's, dressed as a comic poet, I got so drunk I fell out of my chair and couldn't get up. My men and I kept falling helplessly between the gills of laughter, she thought I'd fallen through my mind. I'm still at the MACV Officers Club in Da Nang, playing dead bug.

The decade began to wind down, but I couldn't get enough. Every month found me rising up South Avenue faster and faster at night, wondering where all the pebbles were. In 1970, a good friend invited me to play Kamasutra, and we had the heater in the chamber when his wife broke it up. I turned, furious, with him for a long while. A year later, I opened a bar on the Upper East Side, trying to keep the party going.

Then the anxiety attacks started coming, wounding and regular, and I woke up one morning knowing I had to get back to Vietnam. The party didn't end until after I got back from Hanoi, though—in the locker room of the Racquet & Tennis Club on Park Avenue. I was sitting with my friend Billy David, a magazine publisher and former marine lieutenant, a real war hero. A year ago, he was playing tennis on the Palm Beach Polo Club when he realized not only that he'd missed his last two bookends but that the entire field of vision in his left eye was getting darker. It was a piece of draped fabric, a twenty-three-year-old head wound, working as way out though he'd never. The same thing was happening in my head, but the wound was psychic and untraceable. I focused myself and made my way down to the steam room. I was feeling the same constriction and boundlessness I felt in Laos, all of it at once now. I got onto the trainer's table

as it was beginning to take control, and I lay there for an hour thinking, I never had the luxury to feel this dead as a soldier before I manifested the strength to ask the attendant to get an ambulance.

SEE THE VIETNAM WAR MOVIES, I read the books, I ate Forrest Sawyer on TV back in the la Dorcy, and I understood now. This is the middle class of the Vietnam war. I came back with a handful of medals and three wounds but I made damn sure never to become a professional vet. What I didn't realize was my return to Vietnam was that the best and brightest part of me is still a soldier. A week out of the hospital, I realized that an officer had no business drinking like I would. I'd hardly become second in command—and I was like a soldier on Hunkle or Betty Ford for me. I sat out whole in a long island drink tank loaded with cops and criminals, and though I hate these fucking meetings, I go and meet the AA party line month in and month out, just like the old soldiers in Vietnam.

I go down to Washington, down to the big black wall, hoping to get the growing going, but all I see is a hole in the ground. I spend the day in White House with some SOG legends. Colonel Clyde Rogers, the last man out of the Bush, and General Jack Senglaub, who ran the entire Project. We talk about the war and SOG, and I see the gentleness that's come into them. It's the burnish of a good old soldier with nothing left to tell or die for, and for the first time in my life, I see the virtue of mellowing.

I still can't figure it out. The war I fought in was wrong, but everything I did was right. I was Vietnam before me, which was the right thing to do. And now I wear my fatigue jacket every night I go out, my jungle hat in the rain. If I'm going to walk it, I wear my German paratrooper boots, which I traded a parachute bag for in '66. When I come home, I sit and write about battles and see myself from above, particularly when I start crying, which I've been doing a lot of. The soldier's rage is still in my body, in the muscles and bones of my face, and when the tears come, they feel like bitter water flowing out of grief, burning and acidic, not leaving the slightest crease in



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Mike Lupica

Roger and Him



While chasing Maris, Ken Griffey Jr. proves he's no boy wonder. He's the Man.

THE LIMOUSINE MOVED slowly north on Madison Avenue with Ken Griffey Jr. in the backseat. He wore a flowery long-sleeved shirt buttoned at the neck and blue jeans. The diamonds in his earring flashed a tiny number 24. In a few hours, Griffey would get five hits against the Yankees—he had beaten them in the ninth inning the night before with a vicious single to right field—and the next morning, it would be announced on national television that he was going to the All-Star game with more votes than any player ever. On this day in New York City, a sun-splashed Saturday made for baseball, he was very much on pace to break the single-season home-run records of Babe Ruth and Roger Maris. I had hired the limousine so he could make the trip to Yankee Stadium—the ballpark of Ruth and Maris, Mickey Vernon and Reggie Jackson—in style.

"The best thing about a Saturday like this is the same as it always was, my whole life," Griffey said. He carried a cellular telephone small enough to fit in the palm of his hand. "The best thing is that I'm on my way to play ball."

He is the son of a player known now and famous as Ken Griffey Sr. Most of the father's big-league seasons were spent in Cincinnati, so when the boy was growing up, Saturdays like this were played out on the cul-de-sac in front of the Griffey house or on ball fields with names like Mount Airy and Little Flower and Coleman. Now everything

Summer of sixty-one? These run record or not, Griffey is the fresh prince of baseball.

had changed because of home runs. Junior had thirty-two before he got out of the month of June, and he was suddenly the biggest baseball star in the world, even though he worked for the Nintendo Mariners somewhere between Yankee Stadium and the home office in Tokyo. All week long, the New York papers had published charts and graphs comparing his season with Babe Ruth's stay and Roger Maris's stay-one in 1961.

"Traffic was light, but Griffey told the driver to go slowly. If you are going to find yourself a game on a summer afternoon, this was the right way to do it. 'Not just a game,' he said, 'but a game outdoors. On real grass. I don't have that luxury in Seattle.' Mariners home games are played inside something known as the Kingdome, which has all the charms of a lockhead hanger.

I asked Griffey, who can do it all on a baseball field, if he felt funny to be suddenly treated as a slugger and nothing more. The limousine stopped at a light at Seventy-sixth and Madison. The Carlys hotel was out the window to Griffey's right. He smiled, as if suddenly seeing one of his big boys board over the rooftop, over the skyline, all the way to the East River.

"I was always a power hitter," he said. "I always wanted to hit home runs."

THE LATE BOSTON GLOBE columnist George Frazier used to talk about a quality called diando. Fred Astaire had it, he said. Gene Kelly didn't. Joe DiMaggio did. Stan Musial didn't. Willie Mays had it, but not Henry Aaron. Ken Griffey Jr. has diando whether he gets away from this season or not. He will always have it. Even when he is too old to wear his cap backward, he will make people want to watch. There is just something about him. A spark. A smile. A flare.

Griffey hit forty-five home runs last season, and he will top that this year, strike or not. He has gotten to 100 faster than all but two players in history. The young Willie Mays happened that way once. There is Mays in Junior's game. That does not mean that he can put together the all-around body of baseball work that Barry Bonds has assembled in his luminous career. Bonds has three MVP awards. Matt Williams of the Giants was tied with Griffey in the home-run count at the All-Star break. Frank Thomas of the White Sox was only one behind, and he had better

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numbers across the board. But Junior brings the kind of joy to baseball, the charm, the power, that Mays brought.

Andy Schatzman is a producer, writer, and director with Castle Rock Entertainment. Like so many people in the movie business, he is a huge sports fan. Last fall, he directed a movie called *Little Big League*, about a twelve-year-old boy who becomes owner of the Minnesota Twins. Griffey wrapped up his season in Minneapolis, then became one of Schatzman's stars.

"The second he walked on the field, he lit the whole place up," Schatzman says. "We had some pretty good ballparkers. Carlos Berroa of the Indians. And O'Neil of the Yankees. But everybody watched Junior. I don't know what it was like around Mays when he was at the top of his game, but Junior's the most charismatic athlete I've ever seen up close. He's got that magic something that makes people watch him."

In one scene, Schatzman asked Griffey to hit an upper-deck home run into the seats just to the left of the right-field foul pole at the Metrodome. In the movie business, it's called hitting your mark. With a baseball. From four hundred feet away.

"I did it," Griffey says. "In fact, I did it twice at three times. Schatzman showed me where he wanted me to put the ball, and I hit it there."

In another scene, Griffey was asked to make a looping catch, snaking a home-run ball from the Twins and the fans who were reaching out to grab it. The director asked him if he wanted the crowd to heckle a bit so it wouldn't distract him. Griffey pointed to his glove. "See what's written inside?" he said. "Focus glove. Throw the damn ball up there and let the fans do whatever they want. I'll catch it."

THERE HAS NOT BEEN a generation of young baseball stars like this since the 1940s. You had the young Mays then, the young Mantle, the young Hammering Henry Aaron, DiMaggio and Jackie Robinson were around in the mix of that decade. Ted Williams and Mantle at the end. Today, you have Bonds, Thome, and Matt Williams. Roberto Alomar of Toronto, Juan Gonzalez of Texas, Albert Belle and Carlos Berroa of the In-

dians, Jeff Bagwell of the Houston Astros, and Mike Piazza of the Dodgers. Tim Lincecum remains one of the best hitters in history. Cecil Fielder can still lose them in Detroit. And Cal Ripken Jr. moves toward Cooperstown day by day. Somehow, though, in the spring of 1994, Ken Griffey Jr. was able to put a list of baseballs between himself and the crowd.

We paid Mount Sinai Hospital, up at south and Madison. The New York of elegant hotels and expensive stores has been left behind now. Outside the smoke-filled windows of the restaurant, there is another New York, the one that will finally take Griffey past Mantle and into the throne.

"I could have been a football player," he says. "My father never pushed me either way. But there came a point in high school when he said me, 'You should choose between football and baseball.' I didn't know you could get drafted out of high school. But I didn't worry. My dad has always been there for me."

Part of the young Griffey's magic has to do with the enduring charm of baseball, the bond between parent and child, father and son. I met Ken Griffey Sr. when he was with the Yankees in the twilight of a fine career. There was a moment in the 1990s World Series, which the Reds won in four straight games over the favored Oakland A's. Eric Davis had hit this strange home run straightaway to center field on the first inning of the first game off Oakland's ace, Dave Stenow. The ball landed on the makeshift studio CBS Sports had set up for its program show. Griffey senior was doing television work for a Cincinnati station at the time. We walked out of Riverfront Stadium together. He told me he thought Davis, when he bled, was the best all-around player in the game. It was well past midnight by then, and the streets outside the ballpark were quiet. Griffey senior allowed himself a father's smile. "But Eric's only the best until Junior's ready," he said softly. Then he went to find his car.

Now the son seems to be accepting the pressures and responsibilities of fame with the same grace he brings to all the ballparks of the American League.

"I was taught at an early age how to conduct myself," he says. "That's my

father's teaching. He used to say to me, 'Do you want to make something of yourself, or do you want to end up like so many of your friends in high school, the ones who don't have a job and are still living at home?'"

We are stopped at another light, south and Madison. Saturday looks different up here.

"My father taught me more about being a parent than he did about being a ballplayer," Griffey says. "Parents have to know kids and know what they want for their kids' future." He smiled. "I've only been at it five months, but I know already it's tough to be a parent."

He tells a story now about those one-on-one basketball games he and his father used to play. They stopped when Junior was fourteen.

I ask him why.

"I blocked his shot," he says.

"That was it?"

"He put the ball down, said, 'I'm through,' and walked into the house."

Junior laughs.

I ask him what will happen the first time Tim Lincecum Griffs blocks his father's shot.

"That's the day when I'll take the test to become an agent," Junior says. The limestone moves up and over the Madison Avenue Bridge, then onto the Major Deegan Expressway, and suddenly the Stadium is there on the right. Griffey's apartment is five floors above a child. The late Billy Martin once screamed at him and his friends, the sons of other ballplayers, for making too much noise. "We were playing pickle in the hall," he recalls. Today he comes back as the most famous member of baseball's kid royalty.

I ask Griffey if he has any special feeling for this ballpark, the one where Ruth and Mantle and Mays and Reggie had home runs.

"It's another place where great things happen," he says. "Another place where you can do something that will be remembered."

The limestone pulls up to the players' gate, and Junior goes out. He is twenty-four years old, but he looks no older. The small crowd that has gathered here at 10:05 in the morning begins to clear. It seems as if the ballpark and the day have been built for this moment. When Junior goes inside, he will own the place.

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A Rat's Tale

Sometimes the little pellets they leave behind are the only way you know they're around

THEY COME IN THE NIGHT, sharpening into the corporation on little fat feet. Before you know it, they're right at the heart of the granary bin, munching away at the precious harvest of organizational life, which, of course, is trust. They are the weasels, the stoats, the plump, rodentine official eaters who live in the interstitial fabric of the family, darting between, among, under—looking for any scrap of assistance that will keep them alive. They eat information and present it to you later as it comes transcribed, from the other end of their professional fastness. They have teeth. They carry fear. They want you to like them. And maybe you will. Watch out. There's one coming to an office near you. When he does arrive, beware. They breed.

Today, we will consider the story of Stanley. I call him Stanley, even though that is not his real name, because when he is around that is generally how people feel. Not at first, you know. But after a while, you notice little bits of shuffling unconsciously from one foot to the other, as if they have to wear the moccasins or something.

That's the way it is with rats. Dress them up like Dr. Quinn, Madeline Winters, they still read like some subconscious life-form out for a stroll on the nearest available rock. That's why they're always so ingratiating. Until they . . . turn.

Maybe that's why I allowed myself to be fooled by Stanley. He smiled a great deal when he got here as a vice-president of information management. He seemed sort of sad and malnourished and intensely advising of my entire act, an attitude I always adored in a person. His presentation was not impressive in the sense that his moustache seemed a little too trim-trimmed, the soft spots at his waist a little too underfed, the skin of his neck a tad too manner when it didn't really have to be. An imaginary dollop of mayonnaise runs down from his lower lip at all times. He was reassuring, in other words. But that, in itself, can be a big plus for a mid-level manager generating goals and a desire to overcompensate in those in whom he generates a natural aversion.

"We must get together for lunch immediately," he said to me the first time we met. We were in an elevator and several people from alien corporations were near at hand,

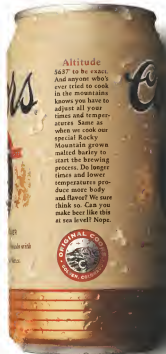


pretending not to listen. He was too close, and I smelled the lavender on his shirt. "I've heard you're the absolute master of office political life around here," he said, leaning even closer to make his point. I was embarrassed. He was getting to me.

"Sure," I said. "I can get you up to speed." I never did, though. Several times he called me for comment on some situation that had arisen but he never did "leave me for that fensish drink," as he referred to a more than once. After a while, it was clear that he had passed beyond my purview and into the greater corporate world, where players pursue their individual agendas without consultation with me.

I was aware that he was getting rather close to Wild. Not that Wild liked him, mind you. But like a cat I once chased a house wren, the Starbuckian would bring a dead forest animal to his master every now and then and lay it at his feet, stepping back and waiting to be praised as the recipient tried to keep his gorge down over the pungent oil of tort for and just. In time, it became clear, Wild got to like the quality of data and acrobatics that was being spread out before him. Stanley got past the furnished-machinery door more and more.

That is perhaps understandable on Wild's part, especially now. The industry of which I am a proud member is changing almost daily. Mergers and acquisitions, for a time on a country-house scale, nobody had any money here when off again with it. Staff is expelling all over the place, and big consultants are on the field, guys whose names cause investment bankers to bend over and walk funny due to the size of their erections. In this environment, information is hallowed. Colossal strategies coalesce in the air around you and decay like ghosts in a particle accelerator. Everybody's got his favorite flavor, too. Your best friends are the guys who believe in your vision of the future. Guys who



Altitude

5637" to be exact. And anyone who's ever tried to cook in the mountains knows you have to adjust all your times and temperatures. Same as when we cook our special Rocky Mountain grown malted barley to start the brewing process. Do longer times and lower temperatures produce more body and flavor? We sure think so. Can you make beer like this at sea level? Nope.

COLD CLEAN ORIGINAL COORS. 'CAUSE YOU FEEL LIKE IT.

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

terry sends of death or discontent are not welcome. For membership in the inner circle, only allies need apply.

Which, I guess, brings us to Morgrast. Morgrast is a schemer-drunk. What is a schemer-drunk? I'll tell you. A schemer-drunk always speaks his mind. A schemer-drunk trusts other people simply because they are wrong close by having a beer in a delicate situation, with arrows flying everywhere and friends and enemies wearing the same uniforms, a schemer-drunk is the guy wearing a half-eye on his back. He's doomed.

I like Morgrast. He's big and floppy and urbane-scholar, and poor dude, he almost bought the ranch, thanks to certain indiscretions of which he was no doubt guilty but most of all for inspiring me much of his fellow men. I happened this way.

Morgast and the Stunk were waiting in the boardroom for some of the investment bankers we like to advise in to make some transaction, any transaction, so they may earn a fee. With all the possibilities for value creation out there, it isn't hard to find ideas, both good and bad, around. Some of these notions are very strange; indeed, and difficult to understand. That does not mean they can't or shouldn't be executed, especially if one has hired investment bankers to propose them.

As any cat of the room soon guest, the cat was used and tried and Morgast began to talk. "Well, a good guy," he reportedly said, "but I don't think he takes a rigorous enough look at the implications of some of the deals we've got going down." Stinky listened. Morgast continued. "In fact, I'll be honest with you, I don't even know why the guy has financial analysts around. He's not listening and blah, blah, blah, and rag rag rag." "Get the picture? These money men are worth a you spend off about your head? Do you mean it? All of it? Do you expect the person to whom you are speaking to rag you out? Think about it."

The next day the cat had a breakfast meeting with the president. They talked about a lot of things, but not too much. I am sure, since sustained conversation with a chattering rodent is almost impossible. When the conversation flagged, however, Stinky had a gift for his man.

At 8 a.m. With arold into my office and closed the door. "I want Morgast out of here," he fumed. "This is a man whose honesty and loyalty are important above all other things," he growled. "It's time to circle the dog and fight to take the field. We don't need second guessing. We don't need bitching. We need to know that the man at our back will protect our flanks." (I don't know if I'm getting all the military terminology right. Sometime in 1993, we moved from sports metaphors to armed-forces jingo. I'm still new to it, although I do like it quite a bit. I was getting used to punning and twiggling for the longer and stinging for nothing but cat and stuff.)

"How do you know all that?" "Stinky," said With, and was gone. But, of course, I know. Most of us around here are basically good guys. We have our disagreements, but we'll never rat to each other stuff like this. Lord, if we did... here.

I called the parascene little weasel into my office and, following my tongue as best I could, inquired of the mass of guastation why in the world he had turned in his brother executive. And this is what he said to me. "We're in a competitive struggle for the future of this company. We're playing for real numbers here, and either you're on this bus or you're off it."

Well, I thought. The final little prize has been with us for all of six months. What's he to decide who's on the frigging bus?

I believe my mouth was hanging open. Taking advantage of this lacuna in the proceedings, the Stunkmaster wheeled with what must have been meant to pass for wounded dignity and stalked from the room. And I saw he was not sorry. And I was afraid.

A couple of pals and I sat down with Morgast. We spent the best part of the week helping him craft an approach to With that culminated in a perfectly cardinal statement in which the poor schemer-drunk pined and growled in order to right the wrong that was done to him. Today bloody and smiling Elby gave him, he is back on the job. In a couple of months, all will have been forgotten. Executive business is a wonderful thing.

When we will do with Stinky to another matter altogether. Right now,

we're in phase two of the necessary process of extermination. It goes something like this.

One: Deposition of witnesses. The rat must be kept from all assistance except that which will eventually be taken and kill him. First thing we did was to engineer a plain assignment for the fellow that should do just this. The rat will be conducting a policies and procedures audit at our core insoluble-plagues division all the way across town. Since it's a full-time post, at least for a while, he'll be needing a splendid new office there, well out of With's earshot and away from his major source of nonconsensual private conversations. In order to come onto our floor now, he'll need a reason of some sort. That should buy in some time. Time to plan.

Two: Spending the poison. We'll have lost of opportunity to lay the material that will eventually knock him out, meetings to leave him out of, retreats he won't be attending, jobs he's done that might be somewhat severely critiqued in reviews from which he will be absent. In sum, we might be able to find him some scary or notion that after an upman will blow up and choke him. We're in no hurry, now that he's out of the day-to-day political flow. Life is long.

Three: Disposal. Think people can have people are final these days. Look at the way Frank Bernard tried. Dick Snyder over at Shonon de Schuster. Thirty-three years with the company! Don't let the door smack you in the ass on the way out. The time for a means is over, apparently. Most of the time that's best, and we don't do it, going so far as to choreograph a steady dance to obscure the natural brutality of such Shakespearean endings.

Man, that will be never. It seems, actually. It's started already, see. I'm getting into some of the down with a couple of guys. We'll be taking about some key strategic issues and basically just having coffee. Not in attendance will be the rat. Who wants to talk around here? And in the distance, if you listen very closely, you will hear the squeaking and shuffling of a hairy little cat paw curling up and snuffing itself to death. The rat was wrong, see. Sometimes you're not either on the bus or off it.

Sometimes you're under it. ■



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Esquire

The state of the mind (or what's left of it)

Brains '94

FIGURING OUT WHAT TO DO with your brain—assuming you had one—used to be a pretty straightforward affair. You'd fill it with stuff learned by people who were older than you, or had lived before you, because what else can you do with a brain? Then you'd try to put all that knowledge to use. If you still had some brain left over, you'd try to figure out things nobody had figured out before, and then you'd pass that stuff on to other people, people younger than you, or people who were living after you'd died. With few interruptions, our brains have traveled through the millennia in that way, each generation of skulls carrying a little more than the one before it. But our enormous then suddenly ran out of room? Or did the idea of knowledge for its own sake fall out of fashion? Because it seems that at some point, the goal of seeking and accumulating informa-

tion began to lose its luster. Today, for instance, it's hard to imagine someone like quiz-show genius Charles Van Doren, a poster boy for the joy of pure learning, making it onto the cover of *Time*, as he did in the Fifties. And there must be something behind the wall of panic over educational excellence and cultural literacy that's been heard throughout Western civilization. Are

the people who should be smart neglecting their intellectual legacy? (If we were smarter, we'd be really worried.) In these pages, we address the current manifestation of brain ambivalence—the dichotomy of smart versus hip (page 106). You can also determine if you've been putting your brain to good use (page 111), study a list of the storehouses of Western culture that you should be absorbing (page 118), and take a look at how one certifiably smart individual of some renown is using his brainpower for fun and profit (page 122).

Or, you can just go to the beach.



Brains: *The* Smart was better

vidual of some renown is using his brainpower for fun and profit (page 122).

Or, you can just go to the beach.

TRIUMPH OF THE HIP

IT'S HARD TO DRAW too fine a line around things of this nature, but let's just say that November 19, 1961, the night Pablo Casals uncased his cello in the White House, was the last good time to be smart in America. That is to say, smart in the sense of being an egghead. Of being unashamedly bookish.

Of being a proud vessel for the accumulated knowledge of Western civilization. Since then, a sweeping change has taken place: Intelligent people have by and large demonstrated that they would rather be hip than smart.

Survey that 1961 landscape for a moment. A terrifically smart, good-college-educated, well-spoken, quote-eating, book-wringing man was president, a terrifically smart, good-college-educated, French-speaking woman was First Lady, and a bunch of terrifically smart Harvard professors and heavy business types people the administration. The space program made it seem as though a bright new future awaited those smart enough to build rockets that would get us there, and the launch of Sputnik just a few years earlier had frightened Congress into spending more money on education, the army of baby boomers—many of them the first people to rise further out to go to college—were beginning to earn their sheepskins.

Being smart was thought to be a good thing. People knew who Leonard Bernstein was and knew his work, if

only the *West Side Story* part. Hollywood was turning *Twelve Angry Men*'s plays into movies. Dolore Costello sat in front of *The Thinker* People across the length and breadth of America believed that Freudian analysis could solve problems. Just a few years earlier, Charles Van Doren, the quiz-show champion, appeared on the cover of *Time*—before he was revealed to be a cheater, when people were interested in him just because he was smart, not because he was at the center of the scandal du jour. The brassy, confident editor of *Random House*, Bennett Cerf, was a regular on a prime-time network entertainment program.

Today, of course, the brain ideal of the conductor-zeitgeist is not Leonard Bernstein but rather John "Thirteen from Star Wars" Williams. Not only Hollywood would decline to produce a work from someone like Bernstein. Williams Broadway would be pretty darn reluctant, too. The appearance of an undelivered *Jeopardy!* champion on the cover of *Time* would signal the nation's mental-health therapists to put the editors on a suicide watch. Bennett Cerf would

be considered too witty and highbrow to be put in charge of most publishing houses, let alone be allowed to go on camera during prime time. Freud has been replaced by Freud. Consider for a second that in 1991, Dick Cavett—you remember, the smart, late-night, late-night late-night host—had William F. Buckley Jr. and Norman Mailer on to talk about

the Democratic and Republican conventions. In 1992, Jay Leno had Paula Poundstone.

What happened? Are prominent people today just madder than prominent people were in 1961? Or are we all stupider? Maybe decades of deflating SAT scores reflect a deterioration of the American mind after all. (If so, can the Educational Testing Service's recent decision to somersaultly upgrade SAT scores be reposted elsewhere? That is to say, if you grade Johnny Depp on the curve, do you get James Dean? Should we start asking ourselves that once you account for certain statistical considerations, Brooke Shields is George Kennedy, that Mays Angelou is Robert Frost?)

The answer is none of the above: this is not much or intense lament about the Dumbing of America. People are as smart as they used to be, maybe even smarter. It's just that they're smarter about different things. Nobody in 1961 had to program a VCR, understand leveraged buyouts, or learn how to pronounce the names of Russian hockey players in preparation for the Sharks-Lightning game on his all-sports radio channel. But more important than new material is the misanthropization of a very different way to be smart.

No, remember what happened in the Fifties. Not the coronation cap and Eisenhower pan. The beards! Kurosawa-Ginsberg-Purkinje-jazz-Lenny Bruce pan. In the Fifties, a perfectly good fashion among intellectuals was to be

Why you know more about Opera Man than Rossini, pass up *The Human Comedy* to see *America's Funniest Home Videos*, and are less familiar with "Water, water, everywhere" than "My boys can swim!"

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

hipster-smart. Being a critic of planetary and hypocrisy, being an advocate of subversivity, understanding subterfuge or the cold war as an outrage or a joke, being popular were instead of a brooding, intense abstract-impersonal half-in short, being hip—was a very legitimate way to be smart. Of course, it did not automatically make you popular, and in some circles—Orange County Republicans,

say—it actually made you suspect. But if the only other choice for intellectuals was to be like Henry Kissinger and write a best-selling book on the tactical use of nuclear weapons, well, having to Allen Ginsberg bowl was a fine alternative.

And in misty ways, it still is. The problem is that over the years, hipness has been demonstrated nearly beyond recognition. Authentic hipsters still exist, of course, but, in a fine application of Ginsberg's law, they have been overrun by competitors who pale in subversivity or critical perception or both. People became hip before they had the brains or the depth of experience to handle it gracefully.

For convenience's sake, I'll date this process as beginning on July 25, 1965, the day Dylan went electric at the Newport Folk Festival. Hipster and mass cultures began converging, within five years, the point of view of the crowd would be as accepted that "Ohio," a song protesting the killings at Kent State, would become a Top Forty hit. With this meeting of hipster and

When We Were Smart



1961: Pablo Casals performs at the White House.

When We Were Hip



1992: Bill Clinton performs on tour in...

most sensibilities, intellectuals began discussing pop phenomena, particularly movies and music, in ways they never had before. Smart people could think about Dylan because he was authentic and poetic and had taken his stage name from a figure of genuine high-culture achievement. But also, not unimportantly, because he was against the Vietnam War. They could think about the Beatles, who were famous and interesting and who produced complex, ambitious music like "Sgt. Pepper's Fields" and "A Day in the Life" and who, not unimportantly, were against the war.

But in the course of things, intellectuals also began to think seriously about entertainments a lot less worthy. Just remember, Arthur Penn, the gifted director of the genuinely groundbreaking *Bonnie and Clyde*, attempted to explore the Sixties by making an entire movie based on Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant," an extended bit of drivel that was, coincidentally, against the war. At the same time, a whole lot of young people who aspired to do anything more than getting into show business, who just wanted to have an excuse to get paid for playing at dances, who just wanted to get laid, found that these questions would best be served by appearing to be disaffected and antisocial, and by writing songs not about surfing or dancing or falling in love

but about being against the war and feeling sad about social problems and undone by existential dread.

Make no mistake: A lot of pretty good stuff was produced as a result, as was a lot of crap. But for the first time, one could look up and say that it was intellectually satisfying and financially rewarding to be a rebel. Or to seem to be one. Which explains why, in the years that followed, Ted Turner, the heir to a family fortune who became a TV magnate, was proud to describe himself as a rebel, and why Lee Harvey, the poorly chairman of a major carmaker that was surviving thanks to an infusion of government funds, called himself a maverick, and why Ronald Reagan, a sixty-nine-year-old Republican presidential candidate, said he was leading a revolution. Each was speaking accurately, sort of. The point is that the perspective of the hipster had been co-opted, and the language of the critic had been re-anationalized. So we were from people wanting to be smart, to their wanting to be smart and hip, to their wanting just to be hip. The day may yet come when Bill Clinton insists *Yo! Mi Mi* to perform at the White House, but it shouldn't be forgotten that among the ways candidate Clinton most indelibly impressed the electorate was by playing his son on *Answer*. (The posing went the other way,

too. As mainstream figures vied to be viewed as critics, many neo-rebels, people faced, gratuitously vulgar rockers and rappers demanded to be called artsy.)

Once it became a mass phenomenon, hipness led to the creation of a vast army of imitators. Thus we have an ever-burgeoning group of intelligent people who have an affinity for *Reggie*, and an ever-increasing number of intelligent people who know the words to the theme song from *The Brady Bunch*. And who know the words not because the lyrics are beautiful or authentic but because to know those words is to signify that one understands "the funny bunch as a commentary on suburban middle class life." To know the lyrics, then, is to be cool and ironic and hip. It is to be smart.

Naturally, nothing seems quite so smart and hip as postmodernism, the seemingly random mixing of styles or forms or pieces of information that don't apparently go together. Postmodernism is the knowership of hip without the bit, the trade joke without the explicit critique. Postmodernism enables a program like *Seinfeld*—a TV show that constantly juxtaposes references to high culture and low culture in truly funny ways—to be considered smart. In one reasonable string of episodes a couple of seasons ago,

the characters—two amusing neurotics, two out-and-out dweebs—had to deal with situations all produced on phenomena well within the purview of the decently smart person: the embargo on goods from Castro's Cuba, an amantissimo boy who needs to live in a plastic bubble, John Chavira's busyness—all with very funny results. Most recent episodes mean the JFK assassination as a post-baseball game sporting incident and paraded one of the key scenes in *Schindler's List*. It was very smart and, in its intention, very hip. No wonder fans of the show can sit around and quote lines from episodes to one another: "Tim the monster of my dreams!", "Not that there's anything wrong with that!", "These pencils are making me thirsty."

It's interesting to note that in the new Robert Redford film, *Quiz Show*, which is about the TV game-show scandals of 1959, one of the key scenes takes place at a family picnic at the home of the Van Dornes, who were then the first family of American letters. At the picnic, the father—the poet Mark Van Dorn—and his son, Charles, the once-exposed cheat, engage in a fun game of wits, matching quotes from Shakespeare. So this is what we've come to: Smart people then matched quotes from Shakespeare; smart people now match quotes from *Seinfeld*. ■

ARE THEY SMART OR HIP?

Duke Ellington: Smart enough to like Beethoven, hip enough to like Ray Charles.



Jerry Duggan: Proves for hip.



James Brown: Hip alive, hipper dead.



The Brady Bunch: So stupid it's hip.

Seinfeld: Hip and smart.



Barry Manilow: Smart and square.



Allen Ginsberg: As hip as he ever was.

Jeopardy! Proves for smart.



Quiz Show, the movie: Being hip is fraudulent, smart is smart.



Bob Dylan: Covered as hip but no longer cages (Ultrasquid).

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GIANNI FRANK
FERRE

Let's dig out those No. 2 pencils: It's the Esquire Intelligence Test.

How Smart Are You?

I. BASIC KNOWLEDGE

MATH AND LOGIC

1. Because of the Brady Bill, a .22 m&v for \$190 after a 20 percent discount. What was the original street price?

- (A) \$300
- (B) \$120
- (C) \$100
- (D) \$80
- (E) \$70

2. Carol subscribed to 4 publications that cost \$12.50, \$45, \$18, and \$21.94 per year, respectively. If she made an initial down payment of one-half of the total amount, and paid the rest in 4 equal monthly payments, how much was each of the monthly payments?

- (A) \$8.80
- (B) \$9.20
- (C) \$9.40
- (D) \$17.39
- (E) \$24.40

3. In a prescription bottle, the ratio of Prevacid to ibuprofen is 5/3. If the jar contains a total of 150 tablets, how many are ibuprofen?

- (A) 20
- (B) 36
- (C) 40
- (D) 60
- (E) 100

4. At the beginning of 1990, the population of Rochester was 554,000, and the population of Springfield was 510,000. If the population of each city increased by exactly 15 percent in 1991, how many more people lived in Springfield than in Rochester at the end of 1991?

- (A) 9,500
- (B) 10,500
- (C) 12,000
- (D) 13,000
- (E) 20,400

5. Last weekend, Xavier found a carton of eight Arabic tapes in his basement. Unraveling them, he discovered that one sixth of the tapes were by Peter Panopoulou, five eighths were by the Gap Band, and the remaining ten were by Pinkles & Herb. How many tapes did he find in the box?

- (A) 16
- (B) 24
- (C) 32
- (D) 48
- (E) 64

Directions: Questions 6-10 concern the reasoning contained in the brief statements or premises provided. For some questions, more than one choice could conceivably answer the question. However, you are to choose the best answer; that is, the one that most completely and accurately answers the question.

6. British sailing is better than American sailing. Daniel Day-Lewis is a British actor, so he must be better than Tim Cruise, an American actor.

Which of the following is the primary weakness of the above argument?

- (A) The effort to establish one issue while ignoring evidence for another.
- (B) The effort to deduce a universally applicable conclusion from a lone example.
- (C) The presupposition that a quality that characterizes an entire group reflects on each individual member of that group.
- (D) The inadequate definition of crucial terms.
- (E) The effort to denigrate one person's integrity by comparison to another.

7. All lawyers are businessmen. Most businessmen are politicians. Some businessmen are altruists. Some politicians are lawyers.

If the statements above are true, which of the following must be true?

- (A) Some lawyers are altruists.
- (B) Some altruists are lawyers.
- (C) Some politicians are businessmen.
- (D) All businessmen are lawyers.

Part I of this test, on basic knowledge, was written by the Princeton Review, the educational firm that prepares students for the SAT and other admissions tests. Part II, a test of cultural literacy, was written by Judy Jones, assistant to William Wilson of *An Incomplete Education* (Ballantine). Part III, on current events and contemporary culture, was written by William Grimes, a cultural reporter for *The New York Times*, and Part IV, a test of practical knowledge, was prepared by David Hochman, a staff writer for US. For the answers to this test, see page 987.

8. Either you move out or I will.

Which statement must necessarily be true?

- (A) If you move out, I will move out.
- (B) If you move out, I will stay.
- (C) If you do not move out, I will move out.
- (D) If you do not move out, I will stay.

9. Everybody who visits New York loves the glamour of Broadway musicals. Only if the Rascals visit New York this summer will they either see a Broadway musical or take a harrowing cab ride but they will not do both.

If the above statements are true, and if the Rascals will take a harrowing cab ride this summer, then all of the following must be true except:

- (A) The Rascals will not see a Broadway musical this summer.
- (B) The Rascals love the glamour of Broadway musicals.
- (C) The Rascals will visit New York this summer.
- (D) The Rascals will see a Broadway musical this summer.
- (E) The Rascals will not both see a Broadway musical and take a harrowing cab ride this summer.

10. Some old men were khakis.

Based on this premise, which of the following must be true?

- (A) All old men were khakis.
- (B) Some old men did not wear khakis.
- (C) Some khaki wearers were old men.
- (D) All khaki wearers were old men.

VERBAL

Instructions: In problems 11–13, some part of a sentence is underlined. In each case, you will find five ways of phrasing the underlined part. The first of these repeats the original, the other four are different. If you think the original is better than any of the alternatives, choose answer A; otherwise, select the most preferable version.

11. While listening to the CD of Vanilla Ice, the concert seemed to come alive just as we had seen it at the arena.

- (A) the concert seemed to come alive just as we had seen it at the arena
- (B) the concert was just as alive as we had seen it at the arena.
- (C) just as on opening night, the concert came alive
- (D) we felt the concert come alive just as we had seen it at the arena
- (E) we felt it just come alive as we had seen it at the arena

12. The latest best-seller, having been published, the author John Grisham became obsessed with getting some of the critical acclaim that has long eluded him.

- (A) His latest best-seller having been published,
- (B) Having been the latest best-seller published,
- (C) His best-seller, having been the latest published,
- (D) When having had the latest best-seller published,
- (E) Having published his latest best-seller,

13. You should be more concerned with the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer, and not getting a suntan.

- (A) with the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and not getting a suntan
- (B) with the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and not with getting a suntan
- (C) about the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and about getting a suntan
- (D) about the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and about the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and getting a suntan
- (E) about the harmful effects of the deterioration of the ozone layer and getting a suntan

Instructions: In problems 14–20, each sentence has one or two blanks indicating that something has been omitted. Choose the answer containing the word or set of words that, when inserted into the sentence, best fits the meaning of the sentence as a whole.

14. Because he neither _____ nor detests either management or the striking workers, both sides admire his journalistic _____.

- (A) criticizes . . . experience
- (B) attacks . . . neutrality

- (C) admires . . . aptitude
- (D) dismisses . . . fear
- (E) practices . . . integrity

15. Since the author's outstanding references to her female wife as _____, she was surprised that her _____ were recognized.

- (A) history . . . styles
- (B) shows . . . anecdotes
- (C) essays . . . allusions
- (D) critical . . . dialogues
- (E) apparent . . . motives

16. Only when one actually uses the ancient rules of medieval logic, civilization does one truly appreciate the sad _____ of human progress.

- (A) perspicuity
- (B) magnitude
- (C) artistry
- (D) transcendence
- (E) quiescence

17. Her shrewd campaign managers were responsible for the fact that her political slogans were actually forgotten clichés revived and _____ with new meaning.

- (A) fashioned
- (B) justified
- (C) savored
- (D) outstaged
- (E) refurbished

18. Henry viewed Methuselah to be _____, she seemed to be against any position, regardless of its merits.

- (A) heretical
- (B) dissident
- (C) contrary
- (D) unorthodox
- (E) lapsed

19. Although heeded to impose the law, a judge is free to use his discretion to _____ the astronomical barbarity of some criminal penalties.

- (A) mitigate
- (B) underwrite
- (C) condone
- (D) provoke
- (E) enforce

20. If it is true that morality cannot exist without religion, then does not the essence of religion herald the _____ of morality?

- (A) repugnance
- (B) basis
- (C) belief
- (D) outpace
- (E) value

SCIENCE

21. The process in which gaseous CO₂ is converted to liquid CO₂ is called

- (A) vaporization
- (B) sublimation
- (C) condensation
- (D) freezing
- (E) melting

22. When a compound melts, it is accompanied by

- (A) increased strength of intermolecular forces
- (B) decreased entropy
- (C) absorption of thermal energy
- (D) release of thermal energy
- (E) decreased pressure

23. Which of the following findings arose from quantum theory?

- I. One cannot know both the position and velocity of an electron at any one instant.
- II. Electrons exhibit wave-particle duality.
- III. The Bohr model of the atom is inaccurate.

- (A) I only
- (B) I and II only
- (C) II and III only
- (D) I, II, and III

24. The fact that the sun never fails to move through a vacuum represents the phenomenon of

- (A) conservation
- (B) conversion
- (C) induction
- (D) radiation
- (E) evaporation

25. Which of the following must be true for a body to rise?

- I. There are no forces acting on it.
 - II. It has no kinetic energy.
 - III. It has no momentum.
- (A) I only
 - (B) II only
 - (C) III only
 - (D) II and III only
 - (E) I, II, and III

II. CULTURAL LITERACY

1. What 1875 Pulitzer prize-winning novel by Saul Bellow was partly inspired by the life and death of the poet, Delmore Schwartz?

- (A) *The Adventures of Augie March*
- (B) *Rabbit Redux*
- (C) *Humboldt's Bird*
- (D) *The Waterfall*

2. American authors of varying degrees of radical bent chose a pseudonym for borrowing book titles from literary classics. Which of the following titles from those sources

- (A) Robert Kennedy's *Stranger in a Strange Land*
- (B) Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*
- (C) F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*
- (D) Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*
- (E) William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*
- (F) Frederick Forsyth's *The Day of War*

- (A) Milton's *Epithet*
- (B) Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*
- (C) The Book of Exodus
- (D) Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*
- (E) Shakespeare's *Macbeth*
- (F) John Donne's *Devotions upon Emergent Occasions*, no. II

3. Identify the following Shakespearean heroines from their descriptions.

- (A) One looks sensually like her twin brother when she believes dead in a shipwreck. Also looks great in pairs, teasing a noblewoman, her brother's love object, to fall for her instead of him. That's okay, though, because her brother shows up just in the nick of time to stand in as the noblewoman's groom, leaving the field open for her heroine to snag her boss.
- (B) A feminist's nightmare, she starts out as a bitch on wheels, the kind you'd have to be a fool to mesh for a cappuccino, much less marry. But turn out she just looks male gender, once she gets to spend time with a real man—in this case, an abusive husband—the turns into a perfectly obedient Stepford wife.

- (C) Despite having survived a rape attempt, she's the quintessential virgin, so pure and innocent the lord's never even had a conversation with a man other than her dad. Any husband, she presumes, would be bound to fall in

love with her at first sight, and she wins who also turns out to be the perfect one in law.

- (D) Beautiful, witty, charming, intelligent, loyal, generous, handsome, was, and a very rich businesswoman, she enjoys being a girl but isn't about to get a man and she does it in the courtroom when necessary. It goes without saying that she's also a damned fine lawyer.

- (A) Katharine in *The Thing of the Shroud*
- (B) Viola in *Twelfth Night*
- (C) Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*
- (D) Miranda in *The Tempest*

4. Not so long ago, the ability to toss off a well-timed quote from Samuel Johnson, the eighteenth-century novelist and author of the *Dictionary of the English Language*, was a prerequisite for being considered smart. Times have changed, so we'll make this relatively easy: Which of the following is not a quote from Samuel Johnson?

- (A) "It is a woman presiding in this dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."
- (B) "He that rises late, must not sleep and shall scarce overcome his business at night."
- (C) A desert procession for the poor is the true test of civilization.
- (D) Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
- (E) If he does really think that there is no distinction between vice and virtue, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

Instructions: In questions 5–7, the major cultural figures named are still getting each other a mail by mistake. Can you tell which is which?

5. Whose/Whose
(A) _____ is sometimes called the father of impressionism, a although he never considered himself one of the impressionists and refused to join their group when they invited him. A revolutionary thinker who insisted on the artist's right to follow only the laws of the canvas, instead of those

of the outside world, he entrusted critics and the public alike with two famous paintings of noses.

- (6) _____ was a founder and lifelong practitioner of impressionism, which, in fact, got its name from one of his early paintings. He's the one who painted the water lilies in his garden over and over and who eventually went nearly blind.

6. Heisenberg/Schrödinger

- (A) _____ is the patron saint of photography as art. He founded the special-effect-driven Photo Secession movement, served as Berlin's photography magazine, and the ultraviolet gallery, which brought the works of Oskar Rezac, Picasso, and others to the U.S. He arrived for championing other artists and photographers as far as his own work, he's the one who was married to George O'Keefe.
- (B) _____ was a disciple of the above. Known for his symbolist photos, he fell out of favor when he decided to make a book

and turned to commercial photography. He also helped get people to take photography seriously, and he inspired the Faculty of Men exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, considered the mother-of photography show ever.

7. Van Strienberg/Van Strienberg

- (A) _____ a film director, was a legend in his own time—and of his own making. The son of an Irish-Austrian father and an aristocratic military officer, he was the most influential portrait director after D. W. Griffith and was best known for his comedies, his most famous, his early love comedies, and his silent classic, *Grand*—and also for his indignation he suffered at the hands of a real Hollywood.
- (B) _____ too, was a film director, rose to prominence for his films *Grand*, when he directed in *The New York* as brought to Hollywood to star in a string of other vehicles full of villa, sex, fog, smoke, and kinky sexual undertones.

8. Identify the artist from his or her self-portrait.



A



B



C



D



E



F

Instructions: In questions 9-11, something is wrong with each of the statements. Circle the incorrect part only.

9. Nicola Steno and Bartholomew Vanzetti were Italian immigrants and worked as anarchists who were convicted of murdering two little boys for thrills in the 1930s.
10. The Treaty of Rome would took place during the notoriously incompetent presidency of Ulysses S. Grant and revolved around the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

11. The Panopticon Papers were not really papers at all, but rules of morality supposedly hidden inside a pamphlet and later used as evidence in the famous 1848 case that pitted Richard Roe, then a young congressman on the rise, against Whitaker Chambers, a former State Department official accused of colluding with the Russians.

12. Which infamous Supreme Court decision declared the Missouri Compromise unconstitutional because by prohibiting slavery in the Western Territory it "deprived the individual of his right to property"? The ruling, which also noted that a slave was not a person, ignited Northern indignation and was a major factor leading to the Civil War.

- (A) *Devil Sent v. Stanford*
(B) *Phony v. Payphone*
(C) *Scholar v. David Slater*
(D) *Both v. David Slater*
(E) *Phony v. Slater*

13. Name the fourteen departments in the Cabinet of the United States.

14. Name the nine planets of the solar system, in order from the Sun.

15. Match the philosopher with the catchphrase or principle he's associated with.
- (A) Cicero says: *_____*
(B) The golden rule is *_____*
(C) The categorical imperative *_____*
(D) Tabula rasa *_____*
(E) Ask people to rationalize *_____*
(F) Stress of consciousness *_____*

- (A) Aristotle
(B) Descartes
(C) James
(D) Kant
(E) Locke
(F) Spinoza

16. Name the first five books of the Old Testament (plus the Psalms).

17. Name the epics (including great).

- (A) David high passions are sacred charity for afflictions of sleeping Roman officers, then learns he's planning to kill her for poacher pretenses
(B) David, a poet, just wrote out to young daughter's honor by murdering his own son
(C) David's daughter by her side and his own son, with corpses in each as his back, he leaves his wife's name.

- (D) David's wife and partner, he's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(E) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

- (F) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(G) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

- (H) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(I) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

- (J) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(K) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

- (L) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(M) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

- (N) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.
(O) He's just got her in the rocks at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

Year out of the six had been dead years ago, but the last one ended researchers for more than two decades. Last spring, it was announced that this most elusive of all quarks had finally been discovered. What's the name of the sixth quark?

- (A) Up
(B) Down
(C) Charm
(D) Strange
(E) Top
(F) Bottom
(G) Neutrino
(H) Dec

18. The discovery of the sixth quark is considered a big deal because it completes the experimental proof of the grand schema known as the _____, which describes the interactions of every particle ever discovered and defines physics' current understanding of the structure of the atom.

- (A) high law
(B) general theory of relativity
(C) grand unified theory
(D) standard model
(E) quantum theory

Instructions: Questions 19-22 aren't tough enough to warrant multiple choice, so fill in the blank.

19. _____, the measure of the total disorder, randomness, or chaos in a given system, is what the second law of thermodynamics is all about. It's what happens when you let your coffee sit on the stove at around two long. This phenomenon has been used since the nineteenth century to predict the eventual "hard death" of the universe.

20. Mathematicians donned their party hats last year when a solution to _____, which was actually the most famous problem in mathematics and which had gone unsolved for 350 years, was announced by Andrew Wiles of Princeton University.

21. _____ is the systematic effort, currently being conducted by teams of researchers under the joint auspices of the National Institutes of Health and the Department of Energy to map each and every gene in the human body.

22. Which of the following events immediately precipitated the outbreak of World War I?

- (A) The sinking of the *Lusitania*.
(B) The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo.
(C) Serbia's invasion of Albania.
(D) Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality.
(E) The Bryce Affair.

23. Name the only black African nation that has never been subjected to colonial rule.

24. Name the country described and shown on the map below.

- (A) _____, perhaps the poorest and most unstable country in Europe, refused to talk to the U.S., the Soviet Union, or its erstwhile ally China for decades. In fact, its only so-called friends were Greece, Italy, and the former Yugoslavia. Now relations with Greece have cooled, and the country, which is known to reject neighbor's province with which it has strong a thousand, is considered a good bet to become the next Balkan slaughterhouse.

- (B) _____, a former region of Yugoslavia, is dependent since 1991, shares its name with a neighboring region and, as a slightly different name, with a drink up. It refused to give up the name has led to bad feelings with a powerful neighbor and has prevented the U.S. and most Europe to notice from recognizing it as an independent state (although it managed to get into the UN under another name).



Which twentieth-century American writers will long-awaited, monumental list of the greatest

278 Books You Should Have Read by Now

WHAT USE CAN IT BE for an individual critic to catalog the Western canon as he sees it? Even our elite universities now are supine before oncoming waves of multiculturalists. Still, even if our current fashions prevail forever, canonical choices of both past and present works have their own interest and charm, for they too, are part of the ongoing contest that is literature.

Everyone has, or should have, a desert-island list against that day when, fleeing one's enemies, one is cast ashore, or when one limps away, all warfare done, to pass the rest of one's time quietly reading. If I could have one book, it would be a complete Shakespeare; if two, that and a Bible. If three? There the complexities begin. The overpopulation of books (and authors) brought about by the length and complexity of the world's recorded history is at the center of canonical dilemmas now more than ever. "What shall I

last? Here's a first look at an eminent critic's literary works of all time. **BY HAROLD BLOOM**

read?" is no longer the question, since so few now read, in the era of television and cinema. The pragmatic question has become, "What shall I not bother to read?"

Canon formation is a highly ambivalent phenomenon, and cultural prophecy is always a mug's game. Not all the works listed here can prove to be canonical; literary overpopulation is a hazard to many among them. But I have neither excluded nor included on the basis of cultural politics of any sort. What I have omitted seem to me fated to become

period pieces; even their "multiculturalist" supporters will turn against them in another two generations or so, in order to clear some space for better writings. What is here doubtless reflects some accidents of my personal taste but by no means wholly represents my idiosyncratic inclinations.

Still, critics do not make canons, any more than resentful networks can create them. In this catalog of canonical authors of our century, I have ventured a modest prophecy as to survival possibilities.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN CANON

Pictured, or listed on the following pages, the books that made the cut



THE REST OF THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN CANON

Walter Alksh
Alphabetical Africa
How Green Is It
I Am the Last Under
Your Feet

Louise Adams
Poems: A Selection

Joan Agos
Poems: My Words
Let Us Now Praise
Famous Men (with
Walter Dorn)

Gerard Allen
Collected Poems

A. B. Annen
Collected Poems
Selected Longer Poems
Sphinx: The Poems
of a Woman

Skowronek Anderson
Unfinished, Ohio
Death in the Woods
and Other Stories

James Applewhite
Every Morning
An Elm Journal

John Anthony
Selected Poems
Play Chant
And the Stars Were
Shining

James Baldwin
The Price of the Ticket

John Barth
The Floating Opera

The End of the Road
The Sea Wolf Factor

Donald Barthelme
Fifty-Six
The Dead Father

Sarah Bellows
Seven the Day

Elizabeth Bishop
Collected Poems

Louise Bogan
The Blue Ecstasy
Selected Poems

Edgar Brewster
Living Together: Now
and Selected Poems

Paul Bowles
The Sheltering Sky

Ray Bragg
Three Short Novels

Kenneth Burke
Counterstatement: A Memoir
of Modern

Abraham Cahan
The Rise of David
Leviathan

Raymond Carver
When I'm Calling
You

Willa Cather
My Antonia
The Professor's House
A Lost Lady

Any Chomsky
Witnessed

Robert Coomer
Spinning the Mind

Albert Gore
A Call in the Middle
of the Crowd

Earl Cruse
Complete Poems
Selected Letters
and Prose

Bertrand Crum
The Flaccidities

John Crowley
Little Big
August
Love and Sleep

a.e. Cummings
Complete Poems

Guy Davenport
Tellur

Don DeLillo
Running Dog

James Elder
The Early Visions
The Central Moment

Thomas M. Don
On Wings of Song

Willa DuBois (B.D.)
Selected Poems

John Doe Poems
U.S.A.

Theodore Dreiser
Sister Carrie
An American Tragedy

Robert Duncan
Enduring the Fire

T. S. Eliot
Selected Essays

Ralph Ellison
Invisible Man

William Faulkner
As I Lay Dying
Savannah
Light in August
Abraham Lincoln!
The Sound and the
Fury
The Wild Palms
The Collected Stories
The Member

Frank Ferrante
Poems

Ernest Fenimore
Complete Short
Stories

F. Scott Fitzgerald
Before the Dawn
and Other Stories

The Green Gables
The Green Gables
Tender is the Night

Robert Frost
The Poetry

William Gaudin
The Recognition

John Gargano
Selected Poems

Ellen Glasgow
Barren Ground
Men of Iron

Allen Ginsberg
The Ether Chords
and Other Poems
Now and Selected

Donald Hall
The One Day
Old and New Poems

John Hawkes
Second Skin

Robert Hayden
Collected Poems

Anthony Hecht
Collected Earlier
Poems

Ernest Hemingway
Complete Short
Stories

A. R. J. H. H. H. H. H.
A Rivalry to Arms
The Sun Also Rises

Edward Kirsch
Earthly Masses

John Kinsler
Reflections on
Exposure
Selected Poetry
Tourist

Richard Kirsch
Unfinished Subject
Findings

Langston Hughes
Selected Poems

The Big Sea
I Wander as I
Wander

Zora Neale Hurston
Their Eyes Were
Watching God

Rudolf Kautsky
Complete Poems

Robinson Jeffers
Selected Poems

David Johnson
Angels

Donald Justice
Selected Poems

William Keen
Collected Poems

William Kennedy
Desecrated
The Albany Cycle

Kenneth Ker
Selected Poems

Tracy Kirschner
Angels in America

Philip Levine
Selected Poems

Robert Lewis
Selected Poems

Robert Lowell
Selected Poems

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Norman Mailer
Advertisements for
Myself

Dorel Mamer
American Buffalo
Spent the Place

John P. Marquand
H. M. Polheim,
Esquire

Edgar Lee Masters
Spoken Verse
Anthology

Edwin Markham
The Poet of
America

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Edwin Markham
The Poet of
America

Thel Morrison
Song of Solomon

Bernard Malamud
Now Selected Poems

Thel Morrison
Small Compagnies
Now and Selected
Poems

Thel Morrison
Small Compagnies
Now and Selected
Poems

Thel Morrison
Small Compagnies
Now and Selected
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Thel Morrison
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Small Compagnies
Now and Selected
Poems

Thel Morrison
Small Compagnies
Now and Selected
Poems

Orville Cook
Essay, or Mosaic
in America

Orville Cook
Essay, or Mosaic
in America

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Essay, or Mosaic
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Essay, or Mosaic
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Essay, or Mosaic
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Orville Cook
Essay, or Mosaic
in America

Philip Roth
Operation Shylock

J. D. Salinger
Now Selected Poems

James Scher
Solo Poem
Light Years

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Solo Poem
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James Scher
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Light Years

William S. Sorens
The Long March

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems

May Swenson
Now Selected Poems



clothes that fit and
you feel smart."

A brief discourse on turning forty, the hermeneutics of ice cream cones, Batman versus Superman, and watching your girlfriend do her homework **BY BILL ZEHME**

Dr. Seinfeld Is In

AMID THE CHAOS, you will find him making sense. He will wear running shoes but be in no hurry. He will see what others cannot, project eerie calm, look and think like a boy (who happens to be forty), and know what he knows as only he can know it. "There's nothing in life that I haven't thought about," he once told me, revealing himself as an oracle. So now I go to him with questions: large questions, deep questions, stupid questions. He welcomes all variety. Sometimes we walk. Sometimes we sit. Sometimes we eat. Never do we drive around. "I don't want to think about this stuff when I'm driving," he says, respectful of his own limitations. "There could be an accident."

What did draw me to him? Wisdom, yes, he is very wise, indeed. Also, I admire his hygiene: he is a profoundly clean man, an attribute too often undervalued in the ranks of professional thinkers. (If he is capable of sweat, I have seen no evidence of it.) Thus, our Smart Conversations, as they will hereafter be known, firstly associate with intellectual adroitness and immaculate grooming tips. As it happens, we meet in Los Angeles—where he makes a popular television series—only weeks after he received an honorary doctorate from Queens College, his alma mater. "I'm a doctor now," he tells me, proud as the ocean. "And the interesting

thing is, I'm a cardiologist. I was completely unprepared for that when they gave me the degree. I said, 'I really don't know anything about cardiology.' They said, 'That's okay. Just do what you know.'"

First, understand that Dr. Jerry Seinfeld bears little faith in smarts. The concept troubles him. "I always thought the word smart stuff was not that smart," he explains, implementing his famed deconstructive theories, which each year earns him millions of dollars and has made him the object of widespread female sexual fantasies. "When someone says, 'He's real smart,' that's like a stupid person's term for intelligence."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY WHITE

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"Don't get smart with me! Who would say that to a jerk, a stupid person? That the word *smart* has come into vogue is one of the worst signs we have. See, *smart* is nothing. I know a lot of smart people, they can't help you with anything. You know what they're good at? They're good at making a noisy remark about your problems. That's all smart people are good for. When you need help, you want some wise people."

LIKE JOSEPH CAMPBELL BEFORE HIM, Seinfeld will evolve mythological theories when contemplating universal truths. At such times, he himself takes on a heroic aura and often displays special cognitive powers. For instance: "Who's the smartest superhero?" he blurts at one point, catching me off guard. "Is that what you were going to ask me? [He won, in fact. I will never know how he knew that.] "Well, that has to be Batman," he says conclusively. "He's the world's greatest detective." Supermen never seemed especially bright. I wonder, although I know Seinfeld worships him, how close of an figure in history (The only framed picture on his desk is of the Man of Steel looking particularly irascible) "Why does Superman have to be smart?" he counters, slightly stung. "If he can't get it done with what he's got, brains are not going to help. Just tell him where the problem is."

What superhero would he be if he could? "I think Superman," he says, and I cannot make my surprise. "Just imagine being able to eavesdrop in a restaurant on any table you wanted. Just to listen to the conversations—especially what you could learn?" What about X-ray vision, I ask. "What's X-ray vision when you can buy Playboy?" he says. I wonder whether you wouldn't just end up seeing skeletal structures, anyway. "True," he says. "How do you control the intensity of the vision? Is there a dial on the switch? Ultimately, it's not going to be worth the trouble."

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO, he left Queens College strayed in knowledge of communication and theater. But he was smart, and he was smart enough to come to a break for mathematics. "I was great at geometry," he explains, and those who say math to realize him should take heed. "If I wanted to ruin someone as a comedian, I would make them do lots of proofs. That's what comedy is a kind of bogus proof. You set up a fallacious premise and then prove it with rigorous logic. It just makes people laugh. You'll find that most of my stuff is based on that system. Like the thing I do about men trying to determine whether a woman's organs are real or false. To men, sex is like a car accident, and determining the female organs is like being asked who you were when the car went out of control. I heard the word *organs* was being used very, very at one point, and in the end my body was [crowned clear]. See, in three lines I can prove that my anatomy holds up. You must think very rationally on a completely absurd plane."

WHENVER HE GOES, as too will go smart people, he is a magnet for lively minds. After an episode of Seinfeld is televised, thousands of scholars can be found mulling character minutiae over interactive computer links. I scan some Prodigy printouts collected in the Seinfeld office. "Did anybody notice that both Kramer and George were in Cleveland?" "Did you notice that George had more hair?" He was wearing a toupee, and he is in his next two movies, too. "Does anyone out there mean Babel?" I do mean Babel?

LIKE Joseph Campbell before him, Seinfeld will evoke mythological themes when contemplating universal truths. For instance: "Who's the smartest superhero?" he blurts out. "Well, that has to be Batman."



"I don't want to go on-line," Seinfeld confesses, although he is impressed with those who can and do. "I've wound on line. I've been in line. I'm not interested in going on line." Ironically, his unfeeling lack in advancing ingenuity is the very reason he remains computer distant. "It's stupid to start getting involved with computers now and again. As the speed technology is going, it's only a matter of time before you can just talk to it like a person. Tell it what you want. Do this, do that. You won't ever have to type. It can't be more than thirty, twenty minutes away. I feel it."

HE IS STUDIED BY MILLIONS, but one student lets him study her. She is Shoshanna Lonswiler, who is smart, who is twenty-one years younger than he is, who is finishing up summer courses at UCLA, where she transferred from George Washington University to be near the man she loves. She looks like what a good is supposed to look like in Helene's America. She thinks Seinfeld looks more handsome when he wears his glasses. He wouldn't her do homework. She often reads Shakespeare for fun. "She actually likes to read it," says Seinfeld, overcome with admiration. "He asks my legs." They have been together for a year and a half, which qualifies this as his first serious romance in perhaps a decade. So he explains himself on the endnote with great dedication. "There's no excuse for being a ditz," he says. "That's how I'm now trying to think about women. By never really getting involved, it's like never meeting in a subject where you can become an expert. You're always an amateur. For instance, women always think that you don't want to go shopping with them, that you won't find it interesting. But anything I don't know about is interesting to me. I find it very interesting that women sometimes need gigantic bags and sometimes they have very small bags. I don't know what it is that they carry that's so unadjustable. Spoons, maybe? It just seems the later a girl the smaller the bag becomes. What they need is a bag that shrinks into the night, like those ghostphory rented lenses."

Shoshanna urged him to read *The Book of Modern Comedy* and because he must know what fascinates the populace, he did so. "I didn't, you know, really like it," he says slyly. "But it manipulates the female psyche so deftly, so rationally. By That Robert Walder has invented something irresistible, unresistable, and... something? The main character is this guy who's fifty years old but is in absolute rock-hard condi-

tion from doing fifty push-ups a day. Then, after he spends three days with this woman, he never has another relationship or sleeps with another woman for the rest of his life! This is what women are hoping for? I mean, it's sweet. I mean, I'm not really cynical to the core, but...?" When did Shoshanna think of it? "The same as me," he says, and he shrugs.

WE MET AT THE SAME Sunset Boulevard coffeehouse where a clumsy guy in oversized black clothing serves caffeinated french Mafiosi around Seinfeld, sits at a table with great precision. Five crumbs fall. He has never been here before. "Along his lip is nothing," he says, although he says this in the way which he is all and mean is posturing. "I don't think I'm hip. I'm like in the hip index I'm not making any statement with my wardrobe." He would prefer all people to wear one piece pants uniforms. Today, as usual, he wears jeans and a button-down dress shirt that fit perfectly. "I think clothes that fit make you feel smart," he says helpfully. "When you're selling around in all things, clothes, it's like you're displaying your power judgment. And you're the victim of it. You're making this promise on yourself! I point out that one bigly did server, like so many Los Angeles shop clerks, seems reasonably well educated. "This is more of a gallery, unless you," Seinfeld says, almost woozily. "You have brighter people who are constant being counter people and customers. And because they are intelligent and overqualified, they have to engage in conversation with you instead of mindlessly doing their monkey work. That, productivity filters due to a lack of stupid people. Yes, there's a stupid people shortage in the service sector, and I don't think we can ignore it any longer."

WHAT KIND OF KNOWLEDGE SEINFELD HAS? Mathematics is his favorite, possibly because he will continue meeting in a bookstore. He holds in highest esteem "guys who have volumes of obscure knowledge about totally irrelevant subjects." He lectures his logical faculties by reading about automobiles. "To me, it's like this mental hot tub that I slide into," he says. Eclectic minds he might also include those of Gary Trudeau ("He finds angles"), Fran Lebowitz ("She's got a great line"), and John Updike ("He's one of those people you really want to say 'no'"). He rarely finds anyone there when folding back *The New York Times*. He feels like a genius when starting a dead car. "It's like a Frankenstein moment," he says. He has never attended an opera, but can identify many classical music pieces. His favorite anthropological ex-

ercise is watching HBO's *De Comely* film, which he has to read. "I just like seeing people different from me," he says. "And whether or not you like the comedy, you watch this show and think, 'I don't know anybody like that—who talks or thinks like that? And this, in itself, is very fascinating.'"

AS KNOTS HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, and one day he tells me he wants vanilla frozen yogurt. We enter a Shuler City yogurt store and each acquires a cone. He holds his yogurt meticulously and ponders cone considerations. "There's nothing like a cone, you know why?" he asks. "Because a cone needs you! If someone doesn't take care of it, it falls over. A Styrofoam cup, on the other hand, doesn't need you. But a cone has to be carefully handled from one person to another, like a baby. 'You go, go! Yeah, I got it! I've got vulnerability. And, speaking of which, what's John Roberts without vulnerability?' Where would he ever be? Forget about it! Study, such sacred moments of spontaneous perception cannot be viewed upon ordinary norms. We are the lesser for it."

Seinfeld's complacency here on his intellectual output. This happens routinely, measurably and he is never answered by it. "It's not really to be one of the forces of good," he says just recently. "He fulfilled my superhero fantasy. I mean, Superman can't have anything more than what I have in the course of strung out in front of a yogurt place. If he were here, people would say, 'I know you're busy with the cruise and everything, but I just want to tell you that you're flawed! Because what you do—the saving people, the smooching of the women before they destroy the planet! Now, sink down with that lion! Lave!' [He got similar encouragement with regard to the mobile young Shoshanna, he cannot really recall it. "I don't have any negative comments, but I'm sure they are plenty," he says. Then he tells me about the hoopster-slacker slogan this recently captured his fancy. "I says, 'I hope you've confused me with someone who gives a shit.'"

IN SEINFELDNESS, his hard-hitting collection of empirical life, he waxes, "A heidiology is one of the only pieces of physical evidence we have that people are still thinking." For instance, we wander into one on Sunset Boulevard, that despite his lifelong knowledge that bookstores affect his intentions is would any lastest. "I think it's the quest," he once told me. "It creates some sort of moral irony if you'll pardon the expression." On this particular day he bothers no such concern. "I haven't even today, so I'm odd," he decides. Then, for more than an hour, we leave in every sense, strutting their pedantic, charming pants. As often as the matter is taken, it is also quashed. At one point, I watch him carefully compare a book centered *How to Make Love All Night* (and Dave Weber's *Wild*). "More X-ray Penis," he reads aloud. "That's the last chapter. Hello, Mr. Penis!" Shoshanna hits him, he replaces the book and exclaims, "I don't think I want to be up all night." Downcast, but hopeful, we retreat.

or comic, death does not escape his thoughts, but in the end, neither does a worry line. "Death doesn't bother me a bit," he says, actually drawing to the action. "It's got to be interesting. There's no way I'm just lying there. Something is going to happen! In fact, I've already decided what I want ascribed on my tombstone: 'I was born for me to die here, and so I do. And, finally, he responds, "Well, then?"



November Song

He is the last larger-than-life figure in American politics. For the first time in thirty years, Edward Kennedy faces an election where that may not be enough. **By Burton Hersh**

IF HAS BEEN SULKY ALL WEEKEND on the Cape, mired, but during the last few hours the heat wave across New England has taken a turn. Although the sun is out, a breeze is up, and windows in the van are open. "My God, what weather!" Senator Edward Kennedy says, twisting against his safety belt on the passenger side to confront the middle seats. He tips up his orange Slur, drinking straight out of the can. "Those guys back there, they know what they're doing," Kennedy announces. "They do it well, there's really a sense of pride."

We're just pulling away from an hour at GE in Lynn, Massachusetts—a classic campaign stopover divided between the senator's hammering up the executives and jacking and handshaking his way along the echoing plate floor. For all the computer-driven labels from Cincinnati Milacron and display tables decked out with neon-lit finish pants dries, there persists a reliable nineteenth-century solidity to the place. Heavy machinery grinding away makes normal conversation impossible, the smell of cutting oil off mountains of scrolled-steel shavings filters out the trapped noise air.

In all the time I've been on the Armed Services Committee," Kennedy had been careful to reassure the managers: during his short address, "no matter where the

frances come from, the engines are GE-lyons." Behind him, mounted like a trophy, a prototype jet engine manifested its dominance of the industry.

What sticks with Kennedy, reminiscing in the van, is what lives inside those huge gray machines have succeeded to, what people's prospects in Industrial America is coming around. "I remember in '68," Kennedy says, laughing, "they had these turning factories up here on the North Shore. The parts would come in from Austria—big wood barrels filled with holes and acid. So many things you can't remember, but this I can remember as if it were yesterday."

It's gone through on two different occasions. They gave you these big rubber overshoes to put on, because otherwise the acid would eat the linoleum in your shoes. So, the second time, I didn't put the overshoes on, and the next morning, the soles of my shoes pecked right off, like Band-Aids. Because the acid sits on the floor of the place, and here these people are right in it all day, and they are teacher's and bending over and scratchin' themselves. And I noticed their teeth—all cavities and comes' out of their mouths at every angle. It wasn't long after that that I got a six million Eurodollar bill through—after all, you know, they flourished in Brooklyn and New York, and they haven't had a cavity there since. I thought, if that was happening downtown—"

Between appearances, he gets to relax. "Hey, big guy," he sounds on his around driver after a wrong turn. "That is

The last hurdle! "A lot of people don't have anything against Teddy," says an ally. "But a lot of them feel it's gold-watch time."

unbelievable. If you were lookin' at the map instead of tryin' to tickle me, we wouldn't be on this side street. And what's the little orange juice can? Have you drunk that already?"

Refusalism is where you grab the opportunity. A few minutes later, wandering through the laboratories of the Altered Company in Danvers, Kennedy picks up a plastic and-ceramic artificial heart the size of a canister and presses it against the narrow chest of a shiny little local photographer for \$1. "Doesn't get tickle," he advises the astounded customer. "Me, it's all right."

Kennedy's left these days, in an election year, has been a concern to offend, but he seems untroubled. There is an old job's ambience about Kennedy this time around, a degree of comfort with the fact that, closing in on sixty-three, at last he is what he is. The day grows warmer and wetter, but Kennedy lurches in and out of the factory gates and conference rooms and cafeteria of post-industrial Massachusetts. His winter-weight double-breasted dark gray suit badly rumpled, shooting the big gold links at his French cuffs increasingly red-faced and sweaty. His heavy effort has a quite wry and long Macaulay, freshened by the decades, he's come to resemble the only real version of himself.

Still, seized in, listening to the prosecutors from executives who want something from their government, Kennedy betrays underlying restlessness. He drums his fingers, draws sketches on his notepad, along each blade in slowly pulls off his big chrome-rimmed bifocals and opens and closes the book a few times and slides them into his pocket and glances around listlessly from under those grizzled, scowlwork brows and pulls the glasses out and smudges them up and puts them on and takes them off again. When formalities are over and Kennedy has made his pitch for health care and the crane bill in front of the mandatory assemblage of executives and technicians, there remains just one more item. "By the way," he reminds his collectors, "there is a election this fall. And Mike here would like to see his husband reelected."

The fact is, this time Ted Kennedy could lose.

BACK IN THE VAN, Kennedy sidesteps direct questions about his presumptive challenger, one W. Mitt Romney, a weekly venture capitalist and Mormon Church leader best known until recently as George Romney's son. All through the commonwealth, politics is traditionally retail-until-and today is one more instance for Kennedy in the effort to persuade local elects that he can indeed do more for Massachusetts—and for them—after which the word is expected to go forth among the linkers. Romney, on the other hand, recent determined to buy up Kennedy's Senate seat whole sale through recurrent television blunders, an expectation of byturning the ancient conservatism and pulling in voters economically.

And this time, it's working. After having trailed other candidates prior to the May 14 Republican preferential primary, Romney bombarded the airwaves with spots that presented him as a vigorous forty-seven-year-old father of five "healthy" sons, well suited to demolish the exhausted incumbent. Republican delegates promptly gave him 68 percent of their votes. There remains a primary in September,

and against John LaSala intends to square off against Romney one more time. Right now, though, Mitt Romney looks practically unstoppable.

In the past, "Ted's strategy has always been to raise plenty of money early," observes Milton Government, a master of political ploys for the Kennedys since Jack, "and get the momentum up enough to scare anybody of substance out." This time, the 14 million plus the Kennedy campaign has raised so far does not look at all unimpressive against the six million the Romneys have publicly pledged. At the primary dealer for Bain & Company Romney is widely reported to earn \$15 million a year, perhaps fifteen times Ted's income. Romney's approach is forthright. "If people believe the answer to America's problems is more government, then they should vote for Ted Kennedy. He's the expert on government."

Even before the Romney surge, a Boston Globe poll had demonstrated that although 60 percent of the electorate tended to regard Kennedy favorably, only 34 percent felt that he seemed another year, 64 percent believed that it was time for somebody else.

On the road again and headed toward Peabody. It's able to judge Kennedy too something on—reluctantly, and in that nervous Massachusetts delivery he returns to when he is counting himself—his apprehensions about the Romney candidacy. "You know in a state that's hard-pressed economically, the answer has powerful focus that is, uh, out there, that are looking for simple kinds of responses." He names no names. Nevertheless, he says, "I'm going to welcome the opportunity for people to debate me on these issues if they are serious about them."

Much more than money is involved. "Tell me," one lobbyist from JFK's aging encourage recently demanded over dinner, "would you say that in Teddy's case there are enough brass balls left, for Chastain, to get him through a real campaign?" Ted how to debate Mitt Romney.

"There are a lot of people in Massachusetts, and these are people who really don't have anything against Teddy—they think he's done the job—but at the same time they haven't forgotten Polar Bears, and I think a helluva lot of them feel that it's gotten to be, you know, gold-wash time."

THROUGHOUT KENNEDY'S lifetime women of offices and suits in the DeLoan building, it is especially resonant that now—with a moderate Democratic family in place and with so many of the long-overdue measures and reforms for which Kennedy has worked for decades in prospect—"Ted could be dumped and with barely a flourish. For so many years—and especially since the Reagan presidency began—what solution there was for the liberals has tended to come from Kennedy.

"After the '80 campaign," he said to me recently, "even before the inauguration, it was very very clear to me that the focus and attention of the Reagan presidency was to undermine the basic construct of the human-services program, which I had always thought were not to be sort of a handout but a hand up." To slow down this weeklong crew, Kennedy made his alliances where he found them. As the retiring Democrat on the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, Kennedy managed to enlist a newly elected conservative from Indiana, Dan Quayle, in pushing

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through a persuasive program to replace CETA. The bill got through, Kennedy remembers, but Quayle was "basically misled by the White House, which misled other Republicans not to stand opposed and compromise compromises. Then after it passed, they weren't going to have a signing ceremony for him."

So, it was widely agreed the tide alone long Republican years "I mean you're talking about an administration that opposed the extension of the Voting Rights Act," Kennedy snorts with a toss of his mane. Again and again, opening from his pores on the Armed Services, Justice, and Labor committees, Kennedy found ways to slow the administration down and improve things where he could. He won over Alan Simpson, the hard-right senator from Wyoming, and co-wrote the vital immigration legislation of the era. Ted Kennedy as Duke's pen name: Orrin Hatch would later admit, in effect taught him the joys and wiles of life in the Senate, and together the two worked through a growing list of sensitive legislation, from funding for Alzheimer's re-

search to protection against biotechnology abuse. With as grace and craft as Bryan Thurmond, Kennedy passed out the compromises of the crime bill. Barry Goldwater felt compelled to praise Kennedy's performance for the industry. Again and again, Kennedy's knack for coalition building would insure the devoted patron Reagan White House.

In 1985, Kennedy took himself out of consideration for the 1988 presidential race, but "much increased my effectiveness in the Senate," he now states. He cites in particular the way this decision helped "build a coalition here in favor of sanctions against South Africa—an important step in the aftermath of his controversial trip to Moscow, during which he risked his life by sleeping over in Gorbachev's bungalow."

"My surprising back helped us override a presidential veto of the sanctions," he recalls. "When you're a presidential candidate, you always get more attention around here but less credibility. When you're not, you get more credibility but less attention. That's always been the classic controversy." Rogers about abandoning his presidential aspirations? "I always felt that way: more in perceptions than what I was actually doing around here," he says, and changes the subject.

THE RETURN OF BOTH SENATORS of Congress to Democratic control in 1986 opened Kennedy in particular. Most of the dozen incoming Democratic freshmen senators received

"I've already lost just about everybody I've loved," Kennedy once said. "I just couldn't bear to have everything come apart on me again."



"Life's wonderful," Barbara Kennedy says. "We laugh a lot."

senior and outgoing guidance from Kennedy's Fund. For a Democratic Majority Kennedy assumed the chairmanship of Labor and Human Resources. "When we took the Senate back, he was transformed, a new man," recalls Tom Ralston, who was then director of the Health Committee staff. "He worked like an animal. He called me immediately and brought us up to Hyannis Port. We could not over-prepare him."

Kennedy's popularity on both sides of the aisle provided an enduring catalyst: "If you want to find Ted Kennedy," suggested his regular drinking buddy Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, "listen for the laughter." A close aide recalls that once freshmen colleagues recognized that Kennedy was not a "strong liberal" they tended to gravitate to him; they found his hearty Irishness attractive, compared with the standard blow-dried Republicans.

Without question, for Kennedy the bloodiest and most grueling battle during the Reagan years was the confirmation deadlock over Robert Bork. With his serene gaze and balding, impudent eyes, the brawny if implacable Bork came across as the delivered don of conservative think tanks. Under Kennedy's relentless step management, the hearings took seven by seven, and in the end Bork lost soundly.

THE BORK ADMINISTRATION "holds office but doesn't know what to do with it," Kennedy announced in March of 1982. "He was thinking about Hart was a vacuum to be filled. Two years later, the 101st Congress would prove to have been the most productive generation of senatorial social legislation since Lyndon Johnson's heyday. Of many bills, proposals put forward by the Senate's Democratic Policy Committee, fifty-seven became law, with about half, twenty-eight, originating with Kennedy in Labor. They included the 1990 Child Care Act and the National and Community Services Act, an expansion of Head Start, the vast, groundbreaking Americans with Disabilities Act, the McKinney Homeless Assistance Act, the Perkins Vocational Education Program, the Excellence in Math and Science Act, the National Health Service Corps, the Ryan White AIDS Care Act, and an end on down to the raising of the minimum wage and the renewal of the National Endowment Act without the "costless reductions" that Jesse Helms so furiously demanded.

BY THEN, the use of Kennedy's staff had approached one hundred. White House strategists now treated Kennedy as a one-man government in exile among well-washed Republicans, Kennedy all but blamed out the sun. From his person seemed to radiate Kennedy's weight, for example, to step up and down by fifty pounds or so according to his appetite of the season or whatever election was pending.

Spoken as if the senator's girth on a weakness for sex means, but Kennedy himself, heard by a posse of reporters, would all that away one afternoon to confess, freely, "It's the same, boys" before laughing toward another committee room.

How bad Kennedy's drinking? At times, under stress, his hands trembled badly, paralyzing a fatal problem. Blanches dispensed the smell of his cheeks while along his nose, whose reconstructive surgery had left a trail of pock to replace a bad-cold skin cancer, there remained a dense permanent shine. Kennedy's dark, wavy hair now seemed to be silvering overnight.

A story was making the rounds that Kennedy was frequently too fried by afternoon to make a keynote. In fact, Kennedy avoided afternoon drinking so long as the Senate was in session. When ground on through the end of the afternoon and into the evening, and all the hours of standing and housing himself in and out of chairs had exhausted his back to the point of apnea, a music like tremor his with the effort to suppress the pain and harder than ever on an overworked staff scrambling to meet his demands. "I wish this goddamned thing would end," an aide remembers overhearing Kennedy mutter. "I need a vodka."

Especially for someone who touted himself as a champion of women's rights, Kennedy's after-hours meetings kept Georgetown's restaurants. He worked the rallies and conventions unobtainably. Aides might lead themselves dogging some good-looking female delegate across a crowded reception, under orders to suggest a drink in the back of the senator's limousine or over there, where were verified chaperones—perhaps a line of color. Like JFK's, Ted's hands were apt to roam quite widely, under tablecloths and between the seats on commercial flights. Enough gossip grew around to keep the saloons of Washington uneasy, many fearful that Kennedy might catch a glimpse of one of their daughters.

Once in a while, Kennedy seemed to pull the cork and let the demons erupt. Too many blue suits sometimes, too

Liberals suspect Kennedy has been trimming principle. "Republicans told me there was a feeling he could be had," says an observer.



Kennedy and his protégé, high-court nominee Stephen Bayne.

many months strategy of standing once while strange people tripped on the leather veneer of seats wedging in his perspiring driver jolted in and out of traffic to overtake the last, shuddering departing National. Alcohol made him rail to himself for a couple of hours, and that was frequently enough.

Kennedy's longtime office coordinator and family spokeswoman, Melody Miller, who's watched one protégé of foreign control after another since Chappaquiddick, laughs about the evening she boozed the big Guy into his overcoat the night before a picnic with the newswires. "Now, remember about telephone lenses. They come this long, and they can pick things up for miles." Tabloids were acting brazenly just then on the strength of a shot of the senator supplied across some enthusiastic wall of a speechless office. "Hoops."

It requires Melody's teasing along with her years of service—to carry that off. Believers to Kennedy's addictions can chide the lie, bring on the antitoxins anybody likes to deal with. Nevertheless—the *National Enquirer*—mentioned a fact that Kennedy spent most evenings by himself, seated in at his house in McLean, Virginia, to tip on a weak South while marking up the holes of paperwork the members of his cabinet's committee staffs composed to puff into the limo, his notorious permissiveness. Something of an assassin, Kennedy tended to work late and get up early to sit over breakfast with aides or unpaid experts before driving to Capitol Hill to take on his appointment schedule. He habitually worked two full shifts, clocking everything he could onto his array of studies so he could confine himself to whatever really required a senator.

Kennedy flirted with colonization a lot of the time. Un-derneath, he was acutely lonely.

WHILE HE WAS UNDERSTANDING ON THE PROWL, everybody around Kennedy sensed that more and more, his free moments centered on relaxation. "I said, 'Substitute, forlorn woman.'" His suit still ran to long-sleeved blouses, in most cases accomplished, sweet-tempered ladies he took quite seriously for a season or two and married with such energy that they were dangled and permanently intrigued. A number would remain friends. The list would run over the course of the Eighties from Courtenay Lane Campbell to

Susan Saint-John to Terry McLaughlin and, toward the end, Donna Laskin, with another like Lucy Neidham. Don presiding at intimate dinner parties in McLean. Important memories went back on a moonlight-and-moss quality, but eventually the moment came when commitment landed. Kennedy would pull dry and break things off. "I've already lost just about everybody I loved," he told one friend. "I just couldn't bear to try again at marriage and have everything come apart on me again."

OWN NINE IN 1975, Kennedy invited his longtime speechwriter and media adviser Bob Drees to dinner. "I went out there thinking it would be the usual thing," Drees recalls. "There would be seven or eight people, and we'd have dinner and go around and talk afterward."

"But there were just the two of us. We had this long dinner, and I couldn't figure out what the heck was going on. And afterward, he said, 'Let's go in the library and have a drink.'"

"So we did. And then he looked at me suddenly and he said, 'I think you ought to get married.' I had been going out for some time at that point with Mary Louisa. 'You've fallen in love,' Ted told me. 'I can tell. All your friends can tell. It would be very good for you. It's a wonderful thing to feel someone.'"

Kennedy was not a person who over indulges in couch conversations, and I was so taken aback that I could hardly speak. He meant it, clearly, and I almost found it awful. Because what he was saying, at least to me, was that he would be could find the same thing. My wife and I sometimes joke that Ted Kennedy was our marriage counselor."

ONE MEMORABLE date sustained Kennedy the summer after the Palm Beach episode exploded was a new romance: divorced and character-banned, Victoria Reggie was frank, spirited, and comparatively young at thirty-eight. But she was different on impact from the outgoing waitress and D.C. society figure whom Kennedy had been seeking a public for more than a decade. She was utterly authentic, an unabashed, freewheeling shrew. Victoria's grandparents on both sides were immigrants from Beirut. Monarchs Christians who settled into the small-town life of Crowley, Louisiana, and pulled a heavy ear in the local Roman Catholic church while raising their children into business and politics. Victoria's mother, Doris, was an heiress to the Burey Bread baking fortune. There was a warmth there, a sense of belonging, this could not help but appeal to Kennedy just then, living day-to-day once more as a national pet.

Furthermore, Victoria's father, Judge Edmund Reggie, was an influential would-be-dollar lawyer and close associate of the controversial governor Edwin Edwards. Reggie caught the eye of the Kennedys before they amounted to anything on the national level, at the 1967 convention that nominated Alida Stevenson. Jack Kennedy was mounting an unsuccessful eleven-hour effort to grab the vice-presidential slot from Estes Kefauver. A delegate from Louisiana, the judge took immediately to Jack and Bobby, worried by their "great Boston accent." Victoria recalls, "as well as the fact that neither of them were Brooklyn in their hair." When Russell Long disappeared for a

few hours to find a drink, Reggie lined the delegation up behind Jack Kennedy.

FOR VICTORIA, his Ted, a lot of the fascination is in the all-too-human details. By 1976, Judge Reggie was managing a big section of the Deep South for the Kennedys, he remained a powerful local runner in 1980 and again in 1982. Kennedy found himself down to this spread, tight-lipped family, and particularly the judge who by 1976 was already finding off what mounted into eleven federal indictments for fraud and mismanagement is to be scrutinized to salvage his collapsing savings-and-loan holdings. Reggie called Ted the Commissioner, "because he always ordering everybody the around all the time," and Kennedy just took it and chuckled and showed up regularly for more. The Reggies maintained a summer house on Nantucket, and Kennedy liked to sail and over and visit from there.

For decades, Kennedy barely sensed Victoria. She grew up happy in Crowley one of six Reggie children, a superstar in the local parochial school who developed so fast that her mother said thanks of her for getting "out of the chair in five or six different pants at a time." Phyllis Koppa at Sophia Nease School, the wife president of her seniority. At Tulane Law Center, she made the law review and graduated magna cum laude before deserting this paradise of Cajun burgers and cash players to clerk in the U.S. Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago. There she met her first husband, George Koppa, a law-school senior, a few years her senior with whom she had two children and moved to D.C. The marriage came apart and they were divorced in 1990.

Meanwhile, Victoria had become a partner on the Washington firm Kohn, Maltin & Cate. Her specialty was banking, particularly loan restructuring and workout. One colleague would characterize her as "charismatic and hard-driving," and popular with her clients.

Another colleague who is also a familiar of Kennedy's, Peter Feldman, opens other possibilities. "She's smart, she's very funny, and you know how much he values being able to laugh. She's kind of outrageous in a wonderful way, very witty. Her favorite to have found her." In Victoria, the funny, gleaming, delight side of Kennedy's personality was met with a ripple of surprise.

Kennedy was the quizzical of the ops, Victoria remembers, and "I was very happy that he asked me." She knew that Kennedy was "a person who had been doing a great deal" in his father put it, but she'd seen enough. Her job to conclude that his drinking wasn't going to pose a problem, and she was deeply in love.

Absurd, Vicki showed less hesitation about accepting tricky assignments around the Kennedy machine. To firm some bond with Jack—who has been up and down—Victoria telephoned her and asked for advice about putting letters for her daughter, Caroline. Kennedy routinely re-channels Victoria in stiff run strategy sessions, and currently she keeps an office adjacent to his in the Delacorte building.

Merrily talking about Ted lights up Victoria's expressive, hand eyes, thrusts forward her strong Louisiana chin and nose. "Really, life's wonderful," Victoria Kennedy says it up. "We laugh a lot, we definitely laugh a lot. I think I'm the luckiest woman on earth."

Throughout the long campaign, Boston's Cardinal Bernard Law continued to block Kennedy's appeal for an amendment. But with or without the church, Ted Kennedy was ahead and married Vicki in a small, private ceremony

in July of 1993. That was a political summer. While Ted and Wala dropped out of sight, Bill Clinton was looking up the Democratic nomination.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN Bill Clinton and Edward Kennedy had taken some months to solidify. As a cofounder and chairman of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, Clinton backed opening an association with that jobsite that the Republican leadership. Such perceptions of Kennedy were radically out of date—and had never meant very much—and behind the scenes Kennedy helped where he could to promote Clinton's candidacy. Such Kennedy strategists as Paul Tully, Bill Carme, Rick Strauss, and Ron Brown signed on with Clinton along with office specialists like Kennedy foreign policy aide Nancy Roderberg. But relations remained at arm's length.

What brought the two together in the end was the increasingly salient health issue. Over decades of concern, Kennedy had consistently represented the emerging urgency in the medical-delivery system and suggested fresh solutions. "He likes Clinton, they're on the same wavelength," anguished Kennedy's Health staff director, Dore Nace. "The administration around our Hill staff in case is and cooperation, and after a while we had an people involved. I personally spent 90 percent of my time doing there. Hillary is phenomenal."

Grateful, Bill Clinton has displayed a flustering reciprocity to the Kennedys during White House functions. Joan Smith—cooling down after a reportedly bitter go-around with her last husband after the Palm Beach embroilment—went on as Ireland as U.S. ambassador. Kennedy protégé Stephen Freyer faultily suggested his Supreme Court nomination. Meanwhile, Kennedy quickly stepped up as the floor manager of Clinton's National Service Plan, which placed the Senate fifty-four to forty. He wanted a complicated double shuffle on Arlen Specter and his law-and-order New Democrats that drove through the production against blockading abortion-clinic entrances without jeopardizing the right of strikers to assemble. He took a breath and voiced with Clinton on NAFTA.

As month after month the Clinton administration's health bill floundered, Kennedy pushed his own collateral proposals through the Health Committee in an effort to salvage as much as possible and give the issue overdue momentum. Simultaneously, Kennedy jacked up federal support (from \$24 billion to \$75 billion) for medical education and teaching hospitals (a major industry in Massachusetts).

FOR ALL THE SOBERNESS hard-core liberals suspected that Kennedy was stirring trouble to please Clinton's Democratic Leadership corner-cutters, that in his desperation to outstep the endearing Palm Beach fellow, he would concern to anything to get his name on bills. Although in the end, snuffing at the Smith trial in December 1993, Kennedy came through as measured, statesmanlike, unpretentious to the scandal, the public would remain divided about the wisdom of unseemly. The shadow was curiously slow to pass.

"Republicans at the time told me that there was this sort of feeling that Kennedy could be bad," notes one close observer. Parties singled out Kennedy's propensity to halfhearted Republican initiatives like the "one more win, along with his fastidious in running the budget process." Others across the spectrum—Sam Nunn, Daniel Moynihan, Howard Minkoff—seem to have used for something throughout the party. Like his NAFTA waffling, Kennedy's flexibility on the health issue raised blood pressure in the nation's union halls.

Most retrospectives would concede that Ted had pumped up the cause against the Reagan revolution. But that was then. Was there anything left?

BACK HOME IN MASSACHUSETTS, Kennedy's handlers hoped redemption was in the wind. Kennedy's history of pork-butching had generated a range of federal subsidies to the financially hard-pressed commonwealth—from billions to construct the Central Artery tunnel and clean up Boston Harbor to six million for the Center for Photocopying Research at Boston University that Kennedy nudged into a 1991 defense-appropriations bill along with timely intervention to salvage a huge Martin Marietta plant. The afternoon the Clintons visited Judge Owens on Martha's Vineyard last summer, Kennedy waited until he had the President out on the water before padding not only his own ideas about health but also the desirability of awarding a new Department of Defense accounting facility to troubled Southbridge, nearly Southbridge got some jobs.

SHOULD HE BE REWARDED by Massachusetts, Edward Kennedy could wind up serving longer than anybody in the history of the Senate. He's held his own through good times and bad, navigating through the attic in Milton, Victoria Kennedy's son, Curtis, came across a schizophrenia from the Green Bay Packers, once again "I'm not, I'm not Kennedy." Vicki says and chuckles, "you have been recommended for a professional football career. Our scouts have watched you and tell us you have promise. My son was so blown away. He admired Ted anyway, but that really clicked in. Ted tried to tell him it was a farm letter, but Curtis wasn't buying that. I finally said, 'Ted, you know, maybe the Green Bay Packers could use you. They're having a tough time too, this season.' I've got this hilarious!"

Maybe the Packers could. Kennedy is an established performer and what he needs in the country tomorrow is a sure party. Dick Day, Wyoming senator Alvin Simpson's right-hand man, probably catches it best. "Ted Kennedy is one of those guys who when they have a lot of the son best senators and the ten worst senators around him would very likely make both lists." It's a universal perception. At his staff party for Christmas of 1993, Kennedy appeared in brown and a mask while Victoria teased him. "Hello, bear," she opened. "You know you have been a bear at times."

What goes in denying that? Headaches reflect the bloodlines, the inspiration that years ago tempered Lewis Lapham to write Edward Kennedy a "memoir," a cross between man and mythology, "a creature who comes within but all the opposed principles that are the family legacy."

In Kennedy's family end, in the end, in ours. ■

NIGEL'S
Menswear

By NATHAN DAVID

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You Are Now Entering Plano, Texas

Childhood is dead. Community, too. No one feels safe. Welcome home.

By Philip Weiss

DUANE GRABS THE COLEMAN LANTERN and starts off through the darkness, pulling Brittany after him. They stop in the shadows outside a campsite. "Do you know how to look forlorn?" Duane asks her. Brittany makes a sad face. She's his friend Dave's daughter, and though she's only nine, she's very adult, a tall, self-possessed girl.

The future is here: The "Edge City" is a success, but the price is a sometimes horrible pressure on parents and children alike.

"Good. Now I'm going to teach you something very important. This is called marking." He squats and holds her shoulder. "Can you cry on command?"

Brittany wobbles and wipes her eye.

"All right," he says.

They step into a circle lit by fire. Ten feet at on lawn chairs outside a stone cabin. As they look up, Duane slumps. His red T-shirt is printed with the name *TRANSFORMERS*. Brittany's short septa *TRANSFORMERS*.

"Gentlemen. I'm in a mission of mercy," Duane announces. "This is our little princess' last camping trip here, and we wanted to show them a good time."

He looks at Brittany. Her face is connected with grief.

"...but our chaff finger to bring the gas for our lamp."

After a moment's hesitation, an older guy gets up and reaches for the lantern. Once it's filled with kerosene, Duane turns back to the circle.

"Thank you, honey," he says. "Now, in a show of gratitude, my little Indian princess will walk barefoot through the burning coals."

Brittany laughs helplessly and just like that, she and Duane are gone, threading back through the trees to their own campfire, where seven kerosene and ten princesses await. Duane fires up the lantern, the camp chaff, fire, dunks a roll of toilet paper into a can nailed to a stake and drenches it with fuel. He reaches for a lighter, and the torch of the *Scrambles* blazes into the air.

Moments later, they join the procession to the street.



Boxes walk by with hushbushes to brush out their prisoners' hair. Duane comes onto the porch, squinting.

"I'll want to remember to take any clean clothes they have and rub them around on the floor," he calls out. That's a Semtex legend! One year, a father had the fact that his prisoners were only one set of clothes by making the helpful her mother had packed.

The men get a big breakfast together, and I go play basketball with the prisoners. They stand around the wet court, and I try to keep things orderly.

As we head back, one of them is suddenly gone. Chablis. Her father, Bill, had been watching from the edge of the court. Now that the game's over, he's in a hurry to get back on schedule. Maybe it's a custody situation, time to get Chablis back to her mother. We see him gripping Chablis's wrist and walking swiftly away through the trees. Chablis is half-crying and crying loudly.

The prisoners swirl around me like debris in a tornado. They see the terrible outcome of the divorce, they see what Chablis has had to endure.

"Once her father held her arms like this and squeezed it to death," Brittany says, eyes-tearing my wrist.

"Oh, girls," I say.

We've come out onto the pavement, and Bill and Chablis, having taken their long walk, are walking right by. Chablis is focused on the parking lot. Chablis is still crying.

Back at camp, Steve is dropping scallions into a pot of hot oil for bacon machines. Duane flips blackened hamburger patties through the air into the campfire. The cakes start cooking off golden, and he builds a stack for Jake.

"How do we know these aren't prisoners?" she says with a sardonic expression.

Duane puts his fork down. "You're our witness," he says. "Are you feeling sleepy? Is there a ringing in your ears? Does it feel like the wind is going through your hair?"

Jake smiles. The wind is going through your hair.

GONE BACK, I took Interstate 95, across the Red River into Texas, then picked up my first and shared across the top of the Dallas Metropolitan to Plano. Highway 95 is a straight shot from the northernmost suburbs to the airport. It's a corridor that developers and politicians have struggled in protest for the future. Right now, it's still rural. You are stuck with rusting roofs, then there's a dip where an crosses West Rowland Creek.

On the far side of the creek is a ribbon patch of scrub is where volunteers found Ashley's body last year. She lay under the trees across from a dipping field. Looming over the scene is a billboard on its way for a housing development—Stonebridge Ranch comes from the 90s to 2000,000, it says.

Yellow ribbons that moments had left on the trees are gone. But organizations have come to life in Plano since the killing, people who want to change the laws so that Ashley will not have died in vain. A group called Save Our Children wants to expand Texas's capital murder statute to include murders of children aged ten and under. At present, a case can qualify as a capital murder if the victim is six or under. When I met the leaders of Save Our Children, they said the distinction between ten and six was fairly arbitrary.

They showed me a petition they were passing out to kids. "We, the children of Texas, would like to find safe in our neighborhood again," it said. Please change the laws to keep the bad people away from us so we can grow up healthy and happy.

Their campaign drew on the unexcused idea of the technoburbs that with the right planning, everything could be fixed. That vision seemed to attract every dreamer—whether it was backyard fountain in what developers called "poolscape" that no one swam in or the faith that if you kept someone from putting up signs for a yard sale the property value would stay high.

That thinking has paid off. Plano and other edge cities can claim to be cities that work. But the price of that success is the unexcused terrifying pressure placed on the family Neighborhood and economy as a rule presence, and finally his is still in for them with activities. The composition grows more and more evenness. In the age of restructuring, anyone who wants a good standard of living has to take a job with enormous responsibility, and that responsibility weighs on the family, too. Travel, killer commutes. No one has any time.

You could see these prisoners whirling away at the sides of the houses. The prisoners, too. They were partners in the corporate family, a success operation with two cars, loans, and dinner at Subway. These kids had to be present for their parents to perform, to supply money, to cover parents for the other social connections that had disappeared, to understand how the world works.

The night we walked down from the council fire, Roger held Jake on his shoulders. We came onto the ball field, and you could see the stars as bright as can be. Jake called out names.

"There's the Little Dipper . . ."

"There's the North Star."

Roger said, "I saw a meteor shower last summer, and it was so clear you could swear the meteors were barreling right down on top of you."

I remembered when Jake told me when walking back from the nursery garden.

"When that at the field where they found the girl's body?" I whispered.

Roger grinned. "We'll talk about it later," he said. It was too late, Jake had heard. "You," she said.

"It was?" Roger said doubtfully. That that happened before I was there.

"No, it was after." And you could tell from Jake's voice that it hadn't thrown her.

"After?" Roger said.

"Yes."

"You said?"

"Yes, Roger. After, Roger." Jake's voice came strongly from deep in his shoulders. "Because I remember, right after you went there, it was on the news."

"Okay," he said, and we came into camp.

"And anyone you couldn't have gone to a place where they found the body," she said, speaking with calm logic. "It would be closed off."

"Okay," Roger said, and lifted her from his shoulders down to the porch. ■



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Technoburbanites believe that everything can be fixed.

Having conquered the worlds of Hollywood and Washington, **Patricia Duff** has brought her fearsome mix of power and sexual politics to the greatest snake pit of them all. But is she tough enough to play Park Avenue?

Working Girl

By Jennet Conant

THEY GATHERED at Le Dues in West Hollywood for an exclusive lunch, in late May—a dazzling array of couture and Christophe grooming, the *A* plus list of any socialite's dream party, all to honor a no-nonsense girl, as unapologetic as they came, to hear her friends tell it. Los Angeles Democratic empress Patricia Duff was being celebrated on her fortieth birthday. Duff, who had just separated from former *McGee* head Mike Medavoy, was being lauded by a roster of *Itany* or so women best described as "everybody's wife." There was Jane Seidel, wife of Warner Brothers chief Barry Seidel, Linda Brachhoffer, who is married to producer Jerry Bruckheimer, Lynn Lutz, wife of the legendary Norman Lutz,

and Winnda McDonald, an *Armour* executive who no doubt knew the dress size of everyone in the room. Call it popular chic.

In the private dining room, each assembled guest sized her glass in turn and cooed Duff in kindness, admiration, and probably a measure of fear. The subject was clear: Here was a powerful woman, made more powerful because she had left her husband—leaving generally being the Hollywood husband's prerogative. "She, our *Michael* kiddo," whispered a close friend (producer/director Lili Zaslavski) not to propose her name. It was short and to the point, and it defined Duff's status perfectly: "Patricia, you've done what everyone in this room has wanted to do at one time or another." She paused. "I've packed up and moved into the Bel-Air."



The hot mom: *Itany* part Pamela Harriman, past Mike Har, says a producer "hasn't been close with her husband."

"Most women who marry wealthy men just want to buy clothes and go to parties," says an unevolved entertainment figure. "But Patricia wants to be the Lady Bountiful of politics."

ON THE TOP-DRAWER, polished crust, Duff is difficult to miss. A stunning blond best known for securing citizenship for Gary Hart's ill-fated 1980 presidential campaign and for galvanizing Hollywood support for the Democratic ticket during the last election, she's graduated to running heads at MCA chairman Lew Wasserman's latest fundraiser in Los Angeles, at the White House correspondent dinner with Vernon Jordan, and at board meetings for National Public Radio. Her number can be found in the Rolodex of every important Democrat in the country from Warren Beatty to Bill Clinton.

Her sudden prominence has resulted in small enmity among Hollywood regulars, especially within the old liberal establishment of the Hollywood Women's Political Committee (HWPC). Barber doesn't like her. Jane doesn't like her. A lot of time is spent speculating on her power. "She is part Patricia Harrison, part Mitta Hart," observes one producer. "Men are obsessed with her. Obsessed."

"She is a major player," says Bob Squire, a top Washington political consultant who was one of Duff's early mentors. "She is responsible for most of the political connections between the Democratic party in Washington and California. If you are a serious candidate, you have to talk to Patricia." After a pause, he adds angrily, "The fact is, we wouldn't be having this conversation if the were an ugly wife."

DUFF THREW HER eight-year marriage to Melvoin just as his career was heading into a decline. Only a few months after she moved out of the opulent Beverly Hills mansion she shared with Melvoin, he succumbed his resignation. She was not alone for long. A girlfriend, actress Melanie Griffith, introduced her to Ron Perlman, the Nevada chairman, who had only recently separated from his own wife, TV gossip reporter Claudia Cohen. Perlman pursued Duff relentlessly, and the two embarked on a tumultuous on-again, off-again affair.

Pat and Melvoin (Duff and Melvoin) at the 1992 Academy Awards separated just as his career as Tribune was fading into a decline



That Duff's high-profile romance has coincided with Perlman's ascent in Hollywood has not been lost on Melvoin's circle of friends. The fifty-one-year-old Perlman, known as a tough Wall Street deal-maker who likes to party with pals like Don Johnson and Jerry Seinfeld, married the industry lass May by announcing a partnership between his New World Communications and Fox to produce movies and television programs, essentially setting himself up as Hollywood's newest mogul.

With a personal fortune estimated at \$9.5 billion, the kinked, cigar-chomping Perlman is the fourth-richest man in America, with homes in New York, East Hampton, and Palm Beach. He recently acquired a mansion in Del Mar, where Duff has been giving him lessons to introduce her boyfriend to some of the biggest names in the business. A fair portion of the jaded film community has come to the conclusion that Duff, in the marketplace parlance of her new boss, has "hooked up."

"Most women who marry wealthy men just want to buy expensive clothes and go to parties," says an unevolved entertainment executive who has worked closely with Duff in the past. "But she's very intelligent and ambitious and wants to be the Lady Bountiful of politics. And I wouldn't be against her achieving this status."

"This is a very charismatic town, and I think for a lot of the men it's very frustrating when a woman takes a powerful husband," says Lyle Lee, a close friend of Duff's. "But if you know Patricia, you know that is not true. She couldn't care less about having a big house or jewelry or couture clothes. She would never sell out." At the end of the century in Hollywood, not selling out doesn't mean you can't still go out with a billionaire.

Recently a well-known actor was struck by the irony of the situation when he visited Perlman at the headquarters of his holding company, MacAndrew & Forbes, housed in a former private school on Manhattan's Upper East Side. There, in plain view on Perlman's desk, was the same pair of writing photos of Duff he had seen in Melvoin's office at Tribune only a couple of months earlier. When Perlman saw him opening the pictures, he said, "Say hello to my new boss."



Just friends? Duff's association with Clinton (here at a State Studies meeting in 1991) caused rivals, she says, to start slandering her.

This summer, Duff and Perlman held a series of private political fundraisers at the Cretin, his \$12 million estate in East Hampton. On the first of July, they gave a dinner for New York governor Mario Cuomo, an obvious choice for someone interested in renewing his Democratic contacts on the East Coast. It was an intimate fundraising affair featuring Bianca Jagger and her daughter, New Jersey congressman Bob "Rock" Menendez, Larry Diller, Ron Silver, Chris and Pamela Winfrey, Patsy Minshall, and, of all people, Bush adviser to George H.W. Bush. "It was some," noted one guest. "I think Ron did it just to impress Patricia."

And as if to prove that politics at this level is essentially neoconservative, or perhaps just finally confirming what it means to be a mainstream Democrat these days, Perlman planned to throw an event a month later for California's Republican governor, Pete Wilson. "This came to a surprise to some, since Duff is known to support Wilson's Democratic challenger, Kathleen Brown."

"We always knew there was this side to Patricia," laments one of her old liberal pals, a former colleague who has known Duff for twenty years. "It makes me sick to see her sell out like this."

A FOLLOWING OVER THE PHONE in a breathless voice, Duff explains that her life is in a "state of flux." Since her separation from Melvoin, she has been bouncing around between the Hotel Bel-Air, a rented house in Boulder Canyon, and Perlman's place in New York. She confesses to being joined by her sudden celebrity and the scarious stress in the gossip columns theory that she is spending much of her time in a period of being more than a friend, including the President. One White House source even said that when Duff enters the room, "Hillary gets on point." An overnight stay in the Larrakin Bedouin became so overblown a New York story had her boasting to friends that he was "one full service president"—thus she demanded, and received, a full retirement.

To help ease her way through this complicated picture, Duff has had no fewer than three PR waxes working the phones. There is Steve Rivers, an old friend who formerly handled public relations for Mike Ovitz, Elliot Mintz, who takes care of trouble-prone stars like Don Johnson and Nancy Kerrigan, and the high-powered Howard Rubenstein, who represents Perlman. Any actual meaning Duff requires a complex series of negotiations, the celebrity equivalent of SALT talks. It is clear that

what she wants most is to be taken seriously.



Trading up: "It's only not as dignified," Duff says of Perlman. "That would be a problem."

whether it was civil rights or women's rights or whatever.

Duff graduated from the International School of Business at Georgetown and briefly considered staying abroad to attend the Sorbonne before deciding to return to the United States. She enrolled in Barnard and, convinced she would make her life ahead, planned to become a diplomat or foreign correspondent. During her freshman year, however, her parents divorced, and Duff was forced to drop out. "I was devastated when I had to leave," she says. "I had always wanted to live in New York. I thought it was OK."

It was about this time that Duff fell under the spell of her high school boyfriend from Brundage, a Church member named Thomas Zahorsky. He spent her way to Switzer-

lead, where for a year she was caught up in a destructive relationship. Duff does not talk about this period in her life, which, anyway, ended when she fled Zelenko's and came back to the United States.

She returned to college at Georgetown, where she majored in international economics. Also graduating in 1981, she went back to Europe, but, as an American, found it difficult to find work. She resorted to Washington's desperate for a job. When she heard the House Select Committee on Assassinations, which was set up to investigate the death of President Kennedy, was hiring, she showed up with her résumé in hand. After her interview, she ran into the committee's chief counsel on the elevator and had a job by the time they got to the first floor. She spent the next two years researching the mob and the CIA. "We thought we were another Watergate committee," she says.

When the committee work came to an end, Duff did some freelance research and production for a local TV station, where she met and went to work for a former priest by the name of John McLaughlin, who was trying to break into talk radio. "I just made fun of him, and he didn't take offense," she says. But as the 1984 election approached, Duff says, she grew increasingly uncomfortable in the employ of a Republican. So she quit and volunteered in the Democratic National Committee, where she became the resident expert on Ronald Reagan. This was where Carter pollster Pete Caddell found her and immediately offered her a job.

After Carter's defeat, Caddell changed his focus to corporate work and put Duff in charge of accounts such as Colson Klein, The Washington Post, and Procter & Gamble. It was then that she first met Warren Beatty, who was having some polling research done on his controversial film *Roths*. But she was desperate for campaign work and got a job with Ben Squer, who was handling a number of Democratic candidates at the time, including Gary Hart. Squer made her a vice-president of his company in the early '80s.

When Hart declared his candidacy for the presidency in 1985, Duff again teamed up with Caddell. At the time, her marriage—a no longer named Dan Duff—was ending, and she welcomed the chance to get out of Washington for a while and start over.

She was assigned the task of organizing Hollywood for Hart and proved remarkably successful at connecting with stars like Beatty and Jack Nicholson and Robin Wagner. "I was doing the Hart campaign," Caddell recalls, "but Patricia got into the sex business." Los Angeles is a tough town to break into, and people were impressed by the ease of her maneuvering. (Once there, she of course teared with the idea of becoming an actress and acknowledging with embarrassment that she had a "sassy tiny butt" in the movie *Love Lies Bleeding*.)

"She can be very effective, politically and socially," says Doug Rosen, a Los Angeles-based businessman who was Hart's finance director. "She turned on an entire community to Gary Hart's brand of politics." It was while working

for Hart that Duff met Melvoin, then head of Orion Pictures and the national finance chairman of the campaign. They were married in 1988.

After Hart lost to Dukakis in his second attempt at the presidency in the spring of 1992, Duff and a handful of others founded the Show Coalition, or Show Co, a mainstream group that would draw on the wide network of celebrity contacts she had established during the campaign. "I was looking for a way to keep this together," Duff says, "and after Gary dropped that we had to look at other candidates, and we decided we'd look at them as a group. For his [Rosen] came to the first meeting, and that caught people's attention."

Unlike the HWPC, which acquires members by invitation only and collects annual dues of \$1,200 as well as additional donations, Show Co was designed to be what in



Duff is in the 'back with others United of South Central L.A., a Show Co.-funded group.

Hollywood passes for a populist organization, amassing dues of only tens and opens to individual industry people. "She is really very egotistical," says Atlantic Records president Denny Goldwyn, who is active in Democratic politics on both coasts. "It is ironic because she has done very high level relationships, but her real interest is in bringing people into the tent."

Show Co, which now has four hundred members, is largely credited with introducing Bill Clinton to the entertainment community. He made his first stop out to Los Angeles to address the group in April 1993. He has made four trips to Los Angeles at Show Co's invitation and over the years cemented his friendships with both Duff and Melvoin, staying at their house during one visit in 1993.

It is said that Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda were not pleased to lose their position as Hollywood's leading liberals aligned by a woman who calls herself a pragmatic progressive. She also caught fire from some of the most activist members of the HWPC, which for years has been the industry's most powerful fundraising organization and has helped raise millions of dollars for liberal causes and candidates. Chief among her detractors was Marilyn Bergman, who had

Duff thinks the stories about the President serving her coffee in the Lincoln Bedroom were planted by jealous colleagues. "Our visit to the White House was turned into something ridiculous."

long been the de facto industry activist and regarded Duff's more moderate, cool organization as competitive.

The prospect of interactive warfare between Show Co and California because there is good reason to fear for just about everyone else in the country. Lord knows, they're easy targets, but dollar for dollar, Show Co and the HWPC may well be the most powerful cluster of individual given in Democratic politics. In 1990, the community contributed millions to the Clinton campaign. "Populism is not about being rich or poor but remembering where you came from, and not pulling the ladder up behind you," says Clinton adviser Bud Regal. "Hell, I'll take our people over their any day."

Duff and Melvoin continued to find recruitment from some quarters even after Clinton was elected, and the network was only encouraged by the covert invitation to bunk at the White House. Duff thinks the wild stories about the President serving her coffee in the Lincoln Bedroom at 6:00 A.M. were concocted up by some of her more envious colleagues.

"I think it was jealousy," she says, adding that she believes the first story was planted. "All of a sudden, what was a totally aboveboard visit to the White House with plenty of other people, including my husband, was turned into something ridiculous."

Some of Melvoin's colleagues say he brought a lot of it on himself by bragging ostentatiously about his close relationship with Clinton and boasting over the phone that he couldn't talk because he was on the other line preoccupied with Bill. For a time, it was rumored that Melvoin was arranging for an administration job or an ambassador's post. Foster Cooper, Berry Plazner's chairman and Melvoin's former boss, was so annoyed that, it is said, he failed to invite Melvoin to the corporate jet for the trip to the inauguration and the last minute.

ALTHOUGH THE POLITICS of meaning has not yet reached California. As the modern election campaigns plodded through this summer, the state's Democratic campaign never became a grassroots feat. And it has not been without its comic moments. In June, a popular far from Radio's Beverly Hills was sent ambassador to several New York group politicians. The liner was a slashing and better caricatured view of Duff's personal life, desiring relationships with three men—Melvoin, Perlman, and Bill Bradley, the thirty-eight-year-old political consultant who had recently been dethroned as senior adviser for California Democratic gubernatorial nominee Kathleen Brown.

Duff was not surprised by the document, and sources close to her say that Bradley has been bothering her for years and at probably responsible for the fax. "He's obsessed with me and calls my parents and friends to try to get information. He thinks I should marry him and have his child." Bradley, who made his reputation as a political columnist, in Duff says, also a compulsive liar who has sent rumors of

menace about her to Melvoin as well as to other prominent figures in Los Angeles politics.

Melvoin, who has filed for divorce and is involved with a Los Angeles actress named Irene Ward, confirmed Duff's account. "Bradley is a friend of mine," he says calmly. "He's Patricia's friend, and I think he's obsessed with her. He sends me faxes, and I have told him I don't want any faxes about Patricia Duff or anyone else." While Melvoin says he has not contacted a lawyer, Perlman apparently has. The high-powered entertainment lawyer Ben Fields has been retained to deal with the problem.

Bradley, who describes himself as a "close friend of Patricia's," denied sending the document. He then proceeded over the course of a week to list accusations page by page or merely intimate "now-for-information" material. He also suggested that Duff sent the letter to the paper because in some desperate plea for attention. On another occasion, he called to report that he had received a letter from Fields. "Presumably, I'm supposed to be intimidated," he says. "I'm not." Put this with the O.J. Simpson investigation, and it's a wonder they ever get anything done in Los Angeles.

In discussing all this, Duff seems so calm, so cool, so utterly opaque, that in the end it is impossible to know whether she is being brilliantly handled or trained entirely too much. Either way, there is a strange, fragile quality to her that makes you want to protect her. "She gets the impression of a girl who has gotten what she wanted," says one colleague, "and now that she's got it, she isn't so sure she wants it."

WHILE MANY NEW YORK WOMEN regard the literary beautiful, well-connected Duff as a kind of triple threat, she maintains that what she really wants at this point in her life is to have a family. It is an interest that Melvoin, who has a grown son by his first marriage, did not share. What has impressed her most about Perlman, she says, is that he is a good father to his five children. "They are all wonderful, wrapped kids," she says. "He gets by points for that."

When asked about her future with Perlman, she is evasive. They are known to have a volatile partnership, on at least one occasion, Perlman reportedly cleared out her office at New World Communications and assigned her secretary, only to reinstall her a few weeks later.

James Carville and Mary Matalin are not, but politics, of course, remains a serious area in these negotiations. "He's really not a Republican, you know. That would be problematic," she says, laughing. "I don't see a Republican one, and it just didn't work."

Although Duff denies Perlman has professed a romance as big as the Rat, the subject of marriage has come up. "He has broached the issue," she says, joking that what she's most likely to do is go to Montana. "I don't just want to jump from one thing to another." With that, she slips on a pair of dark glasses that make her look not unlike a secret agent and disappears into the sultry New York evening. ■

My Lord You

The best thing, her husband said, was for her to forget about the entire evening. Yes, she lied, it was nothing.

By James Salter

There were crumpled napkins on the table, wineglasses still with dark remnants in them, coffee stains, and plates with bits of hardened food. Beyond the bluish windows the garden lay motionless beneath the badinage of summer morning. Daylight had come. It had been a success except for one thing. Beeman

They had sat around first, drinking in the twilight, and then gone inside. The kitchen had a large round table, fireplace, and shelves with ingredients of every kind. Deems was well-known as a cook.

So was his somewhat unattractive girlfriend, Irene, who had a mysterious smile, though they never cooked together. That night it was Deems's turn. He served caviar, brought out in a white jar such as makeup comes in. It was Sevres, to be eaten from small silver spoons. "The only way" Deems muttered in profile. He seldom looked at anyone. "A couple silver spoons." Ardis heard him miserably try in his low voice, as if it might not have been noticed. She was noticing everything, however. Though they had known Deems for a while, she and her husband had never been to the house. In the dining room, when they all went in to dinner, she took in the pictures, books, and shelves of objects in shading one of perfect, gleaming steel. It was foreign, in a way, like anyone else's house, but half familiar.

There'd been some overlap about the seating that Irene tried vainly to adjust until the conversation before the meal began. Outside, darkness had come, deep and green. The men were talking about camps they had gone to as boys in gummy Moccas and about Beem, the horses? For more interesting was a conversation Ardis heard there, male, in what context she did not know. "I think there's such a thing as sleeping with one man too many."

"Did you say 'such a thing' or 'too much thing'?" she heard herself ask.

Irene merely smiled. I must ask her later, Ardis thought. The food was excellent. There was cold soup, duck, and a salad of young vegetables. The coffee had been served and Ardis was discreetly playing with melted wax from the candles when a voice burst out loudly behind her, "I'm late. What's that? Are these the beautiful people?"

It was a drunken man in a jacket and derby whose paces with blood on them, which had come from riding, by his wife during two hours before. His hair was damp, his face ashen. It was the last of a Remy's club, tomorrow's special. The woman's face looked like him. "Do you have something to drink here? What is this, wine? Very sorry I'm late. I've just had seven cognacs and said goodbye to my wife. Deems, you know what that's like. You're my only friend, do you know that? The only one."

"There's some dinner in there, if you like," Deems said, glancing toward the kitchen.

"No dinner. I've had dinner. I'll just have something to drink. Deems, you're my friend, but I'll tell you something, you'll become my enemy. You know what Oscar Wilde said—my favorite writer, my favorite in all the world. Any one can choose his friends but only the wise men can choose his enemies." He stared steadily at Deems. It was like the grip of a madman, a kind of fury. His mouth had an expression of determination. When he went into the kitchen they could hear him among the bottles. He returned with a dangerous gleam and looked around boldly.

"Where is Beeman?" Deems asked.

"Who?"

"Beeman, your wife."

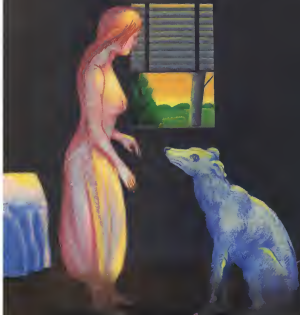
"Gone," Beeman said. He searched for a chair.

"To visit her father?" Irene asked.

"What makes you think that?" Beeman said retreating by To Ardis's alarm he sat down next to her.

"He's been in the hospital, hasn't he?"

"Who knows where he's been," Beeman said slowly. "It's a name. Lucie, gun. He's a skate owner, a criminal. I would hang him myself. In the fashion of Gomer, the



doctor, whose daughters are probably wealthy women."

He discovered Ardis and said to her, as if insulting someone, perhaps someone he assumed her to be, "N'is kenny? N'is wonderful?"

"To her relief he turned away. 'I'm their only hope," he said to himself. "I'm living on their money and its returns, the end of me." He held out his glass and asked mildly, "Can I have just a tiny bit of ice to cool my wine?" To Ardis he smiled. "Do you know how we met? Unimaginable, she was walking by on the beach I was unprepared. I saw the vessel, then the damsel, I imagined the man. Bang! We came together like planets. Endless fascination. Sometimes I just lie alert and observe her. The black powder he uses for me- me," he smiled. "It's a good old case..."

He stared at her.
"What is that?" she asked intensely.
"Is that the child's face in peace in her bathos," he smiled.
"Is it Wilder?"

"You can't guess! Faint. The pale genius of the century. No, not the sick. I am another a drunk, a failure, and a great genius. Who are you?" he said. "Another life housewife?"
She felt her blood leave her face and stood to bury her self in the water. His hand was on her arm. "Don't go! I know who you are, your precious woman, meant to laugh. Beautiful figure," he said as she managed to find himself, "pretty alone."

As she carried some plates into the kitchen she could hear him saying, "Don't go to any of these parties. Not even."

"He isn't insightful why," someone murmured.
"But Deems is my friend, my very closest friend."
"Who is he?" Ardis asked from the kitchen.
"Oh, he's a poet. He's married to a Victorian woman and she runs off. He's not always that bad."

They had quitted her down in the other room. Ardis could see her husband nervously pushing her glasses up on his nose with one finger. Deems, in a pokish shirt and with nappie tied in his hair, was trying to guide Brennan toward the back door. Brennan kept stopping to talk. For a moment he would stare, "I want to tell you something," he said. "I went past the school, the one on the street there. There was power. The First Annual Milk Puck Contest. The arena. That is a fact."
"No, no," Deems said.

"It's been held. I don't know when. Question is, are they coming to their senses finally or losing them? A say her more," he begged, his glass was empty, the hand doubled back, "Seriously, what do you think of that?"

In the light of the kitchen he seemed nearly disheveled, like a journalist who has been working hard all night. The smiling thing was the distance of reason in him, his glare. One moment he was smaller than the other. He was used to being ungrateful. Ardis heard he would not notice her again. His forehead had two glancing places, like narrow lines. What was down to you when they knew they were laughing you?

She could feel his eyes. There was silence. She could feel him standing there like a menacing beggar. "What are you, another bourgeois? I know I've been drinking. Come and have dinner," he said. "I've ordered something wonderful for us. Voltaire, Voltaire. G. G. Always on the menu like that, self-given." He was talking in an easy way, as if they were in the cinema together, draped in high before them, as if it were a shared discussion of what to eat and her breast

in the dark T-shirt were a thing of indifference to her. He calmly reached out and touched one. "I love money," he said. His hand remained where it was, cupping her. She was too stunned to move. "Do you want me to do more of that?"

"No," she managed to say.
His hand slipped down to her hip. Deems had taken as much and was drawing him away. "Soft," Brennan whispered to her, "don't say anything. The two of us. Like an old going, more water, jailing."

"We have to go," Deems insisted.
"What are you doing? Is this another of your ruse?" Brennan cried. "Deems, I'll end up destroying you yet!" As he was headed to the door, he continued. Deems was the only man he didn't know, he said. He wanted them all to come to his house, he had everything. He had a photograph, whiskey! He had a gold watch.

At last he was outside. He walked unsteadily across the sandy out grass and got into his car, the side of which was dented in. He looked away to great lengths.

"He's headed for Coco's," Deems guessed. "I ought to call and warn them."

"They won't serve him. He owes them money," Deems said.

"Who told you that?"

"The bartender. And you all right?" she asked Ardis.

"So is he actually married?"

"He's been married three or four times," Deems said.

Later they started dancing, some of the women together. Deems pulled Deems onto the floor. He came unassuming. He danced quite well. She was moving her arms smoothly and singing "My race," he said. "Have you ever entertained?"

She smiled at him. "I do my best," she said.

At the end she put her hand on Ardis's arm and said again, "I'm so embarrassed at what happened."

"It was nothing. I'm all right."

"I should have taken him and thrown him out," her husband said on the way home. "I'm afraid. Do you know about that?"

"No."

"He was a mirror. He broadcast for the money during the war. They should have shot him."

"What happened to him?"

"They gave him a poetry prize."

They were going down a long, empty street where on a corner, half-hidden in trees, a small house stood, the gypsy house, Ardis thought of it as a simple house with a rose pump in the yard and occasionally in the daytime a girl in blue shorts, very brief, and high heels, hanging clothes on a line. Tonight there was a light on in the window. One light near the sea. She was driving with Warren and he was talking. "The best thing is to just forget about tonight."

"Yes," she said. "I was wrong."

Brennan went through a fence on Hill Lane and up to somebody's lawn at about 2 o'clock morning. He had missed the curve where the road bent left, probably because his headlights weren't on, the police thought.

She took the book and went over to a window that looked out on the garden behind the library. She read a bit of one thing or another and came to a poem some lines of which had been underlined, with pencil notes in the margin. It was "The River-Merchant's Wife," she had never heard of it. Outside, the summer burned, white as chalk.

As I once saw my Lord you, the road.

I never laughed, being happy.

There were three old men, one of them almost blind, a appeared, reading newspapers in the cool room. The thick glasses of the nearly blind man cast white moons onto his cheeks.

The house full early this autumn, as usual.

The pond beneath me on a blue July with August.
Over the grass in the West garden.
They have no I go alone.

She had read poems and perhaps marked them like this, but that was in school. Of the things she had been taught she remembered only a few. There had been one my Lord though she did not marry him. She'd been twenty-one, her first year in the city. She remembered the building of dark brown brick on Fifty-eight Street, the afternoon with their striped light, her clothes in a chair or fallen to the floor, and the damp, mindless repetition, to it, or him, or who knew what, Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God. The traffic outside so late, so far away.

She'd called him several times over the years, believing that love never died, dreaming foolishly of meeting him again, of his returning, in the way of old songs. To hurry, to almost run down the neon-strewn street again, the sound of her heels on the sidewalk. To see the door of the apartment open.

My love coming down the narrow of the river Kang.
Please let us know beforehand.

And I will come out to meet you.

As for a child's life.

There she sat by the window with her young face that had a weakness in it, a slight dimple for things, even, one night, tragedy, for herself. After a while the world was to the desk. "Do you happen to have anything by Michael Brennan?" she asked.

"Michael Brennan," the woman said. "We've had them, but he says they away because unworthy people read them. He says I don't think therefore any now. Perhaps when he comes back from the city."

"He lives in the city?"

"He lives past down the road. We had all of his books at one time. Do you know him?"

She would have liked to ask more but the shock he heard. "No," she said. "You just heard the name."

"It's a poet," the woman said.

On the beach she sat by herself. It was nearly empty. In her bathing suit she lay back with the sun on her face and knees. It was hot and the sea was calm. She preferred to be up by the dunes with the waves bursting, to listen while they crashed like the first chords of a symphony, except they went on and on. There was nothing as fine as that.

She came out of the ocean and dried herself like the gypsy girl, smiling raised with sand. She could feel the sun burning her shoulders. Her wet, deep in the embrace of days, she walked her bicycle up to the road, the dirt self-very beneath her feet.

She did not go home the usual way. There was little traffic. The road was bone-green, huge houses among the trees and wide farmland like a memory, behind. She knew the house and saw it far off, her heart beating strongly. When she stopped, it was curiously with the bike along to one side and the half-sunken car at it taking a rest. How beautiful a lone woman is in a white summer shirt and bare legs. Pretending to adjust the bicycle's chain, she looked at the house, at tall windows, water stains high on the roof. There was a garden's shed, abandoned, saplings growing in the path that led to it. The long driveway, the sea porch, everything was empty.

Waiting, slowly aware of how barren she was, she was toward the house. Her age was to look in the window, no more than that. Still, despite the silence, the complete stillness, it was forbidding.

She walked farther, suddenly something rose from the side porch. She was unable to utter a sound or move.

It was a huge dog, a dog higher than her waist, came toward her, yellow-eyed. She had always been afraid of dogs, the Alsatian that had unconsciously turned on her college roommate and torn off a piece of her skin. The size of this one, its lowered head and slow, deliberate stride.

Do not show fear, she knew that. Gently she moved the bicycle so that it was between them. The dog stopped a few feet away, its eyes directly on her, the sun along its back. She did not know what to expect, a sudden, short snarl. "Good boy," she said. It was all she could think of. "Good boy."

Moving cautiously, she began wheeling the bicycle toward the road, turning her head away slightly so as to appear uninterested. Her legs felt naked, the bare calves. They would be ripped open as if by a scythe. The dog was following her, its shoulders moving smoothly, like a kind of machine. Somehow finding the courage, she tried to ride. The front wheel wobbled. The dog, high as the handrails, came near. "No," she cried. "No." After a moment or two, obediently he slowed or veered off. He was gone.

She rode as if blind, as if flying through blocks of sunlight and high, solemn towers of trees. And then she saw him again. He was following, not easily following, since he was some distance away. The second to last dog in the field which were burning in the middle way, on fire, she turned onto her own road. There he came. He fell in behind her. She could hear the clatter of his hooves like falling stones. He looked back. He was running smoothly, like a dog man running in the rain. A line of sparks trailed from his paw. When she reached her house he had disappeared.

That night in a curtain robe she was preparing for bed, changing her face, the bathroom door ajar. She brushed her hair with many small strokes. "Gird!" her husband asked as she stepped. It was his way of introducing the subject.

"No," she said.

So close they were in the summer night with the far off sound of the sea. Among the things her husband feared that Ardis possessed was extraordinary skill, luminous and smooth, a skin so pure that to touch it would make one tremble. "Wait," she whispered, "not so fast."

Afterward he lay back without a word, slowly falling into deep sleep, much too soon. She touched his shoulder. She had heard something outside the window.

"Did you hear that?"

"No, what?" he said drowsily.

She waited. There was nothing. It had seemed faint, like a sigh.

The next morning she said, "Oh! There, just beneath the trees, the dog! She could see her own teeth just behind her teeth. What is it?" her husband asked.

"Nothing," she said. "A dog. It followed me yesterday." "From where?" he said, coming to see. "Down the road. I think it might be that man's, Brennan's."

"Brennan?" "I passed his house," she said, "and afterward it was following me."

"What were you doing at Brennan's?"

"Nothing. I was passing. He's not even there."

"What do you mean, he's not there?"

"I don't know," she felt confused. "Somebody said that." He went to the door and opened it. The dog—it was a doberman—had been lying with its forelegs stretched out in front like a sphinx, its haunches round and high. Awkwardly it rose and after a moment moved off, instantly it seemed, wandering slowly across the fields, never looking back.

In the evening they went to a party on Moore Road. Far out toward Monticelli, woods were sweeping the coast. The woods exploded in clouds of spray. Andra was talking to a woman not much older than herself, whose husband had just died of a brain tumor at the age of fifty. He had dug toward a branch of the tree, and she'd been standing in a chair when he suddenly realized he couldn't see the wall just to his right. At the funeral, she said, there had been two women she did not recognize and who did not come to the reception afterward. "Of course, he was a surgeon," she said, "and they're drawn to surgeons like flies. But I never suspected. I suppose I'm the world's greatest fool."

The trees screamed past in the dark as they drove home. Their house rose in the brilliant headlights. She thought she had caught sight of something and, oddly, found herself hoping that he had not. She was nervous as they walked across the grass. The stars were numberless. They would open the door and go inside, where all was familiar even serene. After a while they would prepare for bed while the world would turn the corners of the house and the dark would chase each other. They would turn out the light. All that was outside would be left in solitude, in the glory of the wind.

It was true. He was there. He was lying on his side, his whiskers curled. In the morning light she approached slowly. When he raised his head his eyes were hard and gold. It was not that young, she said, but his power was that he was unbowed. She spoke in a natural voice. "Come," she said. She took a few steps. At first he did not move. She glanced back again. He was following.

It was still early. As they reached the road a car passed, dark and sun-faded. A girl sat in the backseat, head tilted wearily from driving home. Andra thought, after the observing night. She felt an inexplicable cry.

It was warm but the true heat had not risen. Several times the woman while he drank from paddies at the edge of the road, staring in there as he did, his large, wet nostrils gleaming like ivory.

Suddenly from a porch rushed another dog, barking fiercely. The great boar rained, much hand where she held her breath, afraid of the sight of one of them limp and bleeding, but violent as it roared they kept a distance between them. After a few steps it was over. He came along less steadily, strands of wet hair near his mouth.

At the house he went onto the porch and stood waiting. It was plain he wanted to go inside. He had learned. He must be starving, she thought. She looked around to see if

there was anyone in sight. A chair she had not noticed before was out on the grass, but the house was still as ever, not even the curtains twitching. With a hand that seemed not even here she tried the door. It was unlocked.

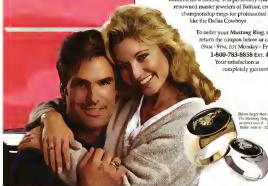
The hallway was dim. Beyond it was a living room in disorder, couch cushions rumpled, glasses on the table, papers, shoes. In the dining room were piles of books. It was the house of an artist, obviously, disordered.

There was a large desk in the bedroom, in the middle of which, among paper, clips and letters, a space had been cleared. Here were sheets of paper written in an almost illegible hand, incomplete lines and words that formed certain vowels. Dots of ink she read, then undecipherable things and something that seemed to be cargo stamps, and at the bottom, set apart, two words, *over* and *over*. In a different hand was the page of a letter, *I deeply love you I adore you I love you and all over you*. She could not read any more. She was too uneasy. There were things she did not want to know. In a battered silver frame was the photograph of a woman, face derelict by shadow, leaning against a wall, the unseen whiteness of a villa somewhere behind. Through the slatted blinds one could hear the soft click of palm fronds, the bright light, above, the villa where he had found her, where her youth had been held as a dedication of war. No, that was not it. He had met her on a beach, they had gone to the villa. What is powerful is a glimpse of truer life. She read the sleeping inscription in Spanish. *Tu has me dominas*. She put the picture down. A photograph was underneath, you were excluded from it, always. So that was the wife. *Tu has, your leaves*.

She wandered, nearly dancing, into the large bathroom that looked out on the garden. As she entered, her heart almost stopped—she caught sight of someone in the mirror. It took a second before she realized it was herself and in the looked more closely at her wholly recognizable nose on that self, or self, gray hair. She understood then, she accepted the first time she was to be found here, that Brennan would be returning and discover her, having stopped for the mail or bread. One of nowhere she would hear the pattering sound of footsteps or a car. Still, she continued to look at herself. She was in the house of the poet or the demon. She had entered forbidden rooms. *Tu has*—the words had not died. At that moment the dog came to the door, stood there, and then fell to the floor, his knowing eyes on her, like an animal friend. She turned to him. All she had never done seemed a hand.

Deliberately, without thinking, she began to remove her clothes. She went no further than the waist. She was startled by what she was doing. There was to be no sound, the sunlight outside the mood slender and half-misted, the mirror image of herself, of all women. The dog's eyes were raised to her as if in reverence. He was unbending, a companion like an other. She remembered certain figures ahead of her at school, Kit Vining, Non Roudineau. Legendary faces and reputations. She had longed to be like them but never seemed to have the chance. She learned forward to stroke the beautiful head. "You're a big fellow." The words seemed authentic, more authentic than anything she had said for a long time. "A very big fellow." His long tail stirred and with a first sound brushed the floor. She knelt and stroked his head again and again.

There was the creak of gravel beneath the tires of a car. It brought her abruptly to her senses. Hastily almost in



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B A L F O U R

pass, she dressed and made her way to the kitchen. She would run along the porch if necessary and then from tree to tree. She opened the door and listened. Nothing. As she was going quickly down the back steps, by the side of the house she saw her husband. "Thank God," she said.

They approached each other slowly. He glanced at the house.

"I brought the car. Is anyone here?"

"There was a woman's voice."

"No, no one." She felt her face stiffen, as if she were telling a lie.

"What were you doing?" he asked.

"I was in the kitchen," she said. "I was trying to find something to find him."

"Did you find it?"

"No, no," she said.

He stood looking at her and finally said, "Let's go."

As they backed out, she caught sight of the dog just lying down in the shade, sprawled, disconsolate. She felt the numbness beneath her clothes, the satisfaction. They turned onto the road.

"Somebody's got to find him," she said as they drove. She was looking out at the houses and fields. Warren said nothing. He was driving faster. She turned back to look. For a moment she thought she saw him following, far behind.

Late that day she went shopping and came home about 5 p.m. The wind, which had risen anew, blew the door shut with a bang. "Warren?"

"Did you see him?" he said.

"No."

He had come back. He was out where the land went up slightly. The going to call the animal shelter, she said.

"They won't do anything. He's not a stray."

"I can't stand it. The talking someone," she said.

"Why don't you call the police? Maybe they'll shoot him."

"Why don't you do it?" she said coldly. "Borrow someone's gun. He's never even hurt a fly."

It remained light until past 9 p.m., and in the last of it, with the clouds a deeper blue than the sky, she went out openly, far across the grass. Her husband watched from the window. She was carrying a white bowl. She could see him very clearly, the gray of his muzzle, then in the misted grass and when she was closer the clear, tan eyes. In an almost ceremonial way she knelt down. The wind was blowing her hair. She seemed almost a mad person there in the fading light. "Here. Drink something," she said. His gaze, somehow respectful, drifted away. He was like a fugitive sleeping on his coat. His lips were nearly closed.

My life has means nothing, she thought. She wanted to know all she was to confess.

They ate dinner in silence. Her husband did not look at her. Her face annoyed him, he did not know why. She could be good-looking but there were times when she was not. Her face was like a series of photographs, some of which ought to have been thrown away. "I thought it was like that."

"The sea broke through into Sag Pond today," she said dully.

"Did it?"

"They thought some little girl had drowned. The five trucks were there. It turned out she had just stepped off." After a pause, "We have to do something," she said.

"Whatever happens is going to happen," he said but

"This is different," she said. She suddenly left the room. She felt close to tears.

Her husband's business was essentially one of giving advice. He had a life that served other lives, helped them come to agreements, end marriages, defend themselves against former friends. He was accomplished at it. In language and technique were a part of him. He lived amid databases and self-conscious but always protected from it. In his files were letters, memorandums, secrets of careers. One thing he had seen, how new men could be so discover no matter how secure they seemed. He had seen events run, one reason thing following another. It could happen without warning. Sometimes they were able to save themselves, but there was a point at which they could not. He sometimes wondered about himself—when the blow came and the beams began to give and come apart, what would happen? She was calling Brennan's house again. There was never an answer.

During the night the wind blew itself out. In the morning, at first light, Warren could feel the stiffness. He lay in bed without moving. His wife's back was turned toward him. He could feel her denial.

He rose and went to the window. The dog was there, he could see its shape. He knew life of animals and nothing of nature but he could tell what had happened: it was lying in a different way.

"What is it?" she asked. She had come up beside him. It seemed she stood there for a long time. "He's dead." She seemed for the door. He held her by the arm.

"Let me go," she said.

"Archie."

She began to weep. "Let me go."

"Leave him alone!" he called after her. "Let him be!"

She ran quickly across the grass in her nightgown. The ground was wet. As she came closer she paused to calm herself, to find courage. She repeated only one thing—she had risked and goodbye.

She took a step or two forward. She could sense the breeze, keep weight off him, a weight that would disperse, become something else, the waves fading the bones becoming light. She longed to do what she had never done, embrace him. At that moment he raised his head.

"Warren!" she cried, turning toward the house. "Warren!"

As if she shouts distressed him, the dog was rising to his feet. He moved wearily off. Hands pressed to her mouth she stood at the place where he had been, where the grass was flattened slightly. All right again. Again all right. When she looked, he was some distance off. She ran after him. Warren could see her. She seemed free. She seemed like another woman, a younger woman, the kind one saw in the dusty fields by the sea, in a bikini, stealing potatoes in bare feet.

She did not see him again. She went many times past the house, occasionally along Brennan's car there, but never a sign of the dog, or along the road or off in the fields.

One night in Carr's at the end of August, she saw Brennan himself, at the bar. His arm was in a sling, from what sort of accident she could not guess. He was talking intently to the bartender, she saw fierce eloquence, and though the restaurant was crowded, the stools next to him were empty. He was alone. The dog was not outside, not in his car, not part of his life anymore—gone, lost, living elsewhere, his name perhaps to be written in a line someday though it was he who was forgotten, but never by her. ■

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THE ESQUIRE GUIDE

THE BOOK ON GAMBLING

The romance of the vig, or the death wish made easy
BY IVAN SOLOTAROFF

MEDIEVAL CLERICS FROM Canterbury to Dar es Salaam created parables and edicts discouraging or outlawing everything from dice to cards to "that fayre game of chesse"—all for fear of gambling. Satan, they knew, never sleeps—a bit of insider knowledge that goes a long way toward explaining why casinos are open twenty-four hours a day. It took big business and state governments centuries to catch on, but in the last decade, they've done so in a big way. Gambling is among the fastest-growing

businesses nationwide, and much of its profitability has taken away by the latest count, 15 percent of Americans have been in Las Vegas at least once, and with each new reservation, nightclub, or state-run casino, the odds that one day you will walk into a casino increase. Beware: The typical reason of the ignorant is a number ranging from five, aggression, and now to a risky mixture for any heart harboring the slightest suspicion it's owed a little something. The casinos have a counterpart for that little something called the vig (short for vigors), the varying (to 5 to 25 percent) advantage the house enjoys on all "even money" and "true odds" bets, on which you're paid, respectively, what you've bet or an amount proportional to your risk. The vig is a tiny cruel space in which thousands of voracious and glory-hungry like rats. If the odds were any bigger, it wouldn't work, and casinos would fold instead of averaging grosses of 10 billion a month. The vig works because that little something in your heart is much bigger than you think.

PICKING YOUR POISON

CARDS AND BOULETTE, with their myriad betting variations, offer a chance to win (and lose) large amounts in a short time. In both, you're constantly betting on the odds of thirty-six permutations: the numbers 1 to 36 of the roulette field, the thirty-six possible rolls of the dice.

Not for All the Tea in China

A sampling of gross revenues

Sports betting (legal)	\$5.05 billion
Horse racing (track and OTB)	1.0
Chinese tea	1.1
Irish potatoes	1.4
Cyprus's GNP	5.4
Sri Lanka's GNP	10.0
State lotteries	11.5
Casinos (excluding on-reservation)	11.6
Colorado's GNP	13.2
Utah's GNP	20.0
Sports betting (illegal)	25.3
Legal gambling	29.9

(Source: Sports from Gambling & Regulating Business companies.)

To enter the Double 0-000 drawing, simply complete the reader survey information on both sides of this page, separate the page along the perforation, and mail to the address below. Only one entry per person allowed. Entries must be received by December 1, 1994. All additional entries will be discarded and destroyed. The winner will be selected in a random drawing on December 1, 1994. Capris, North America, Inc. will conduct the random drawing. All decisions by Capris, North America, Inc. will be final. Sponsor not responsible for late or lost mail. Odds of winning depend upon total number of entries received. Contest open to residents of the USA, 18 years or older except employees and their families of The Board Corporation and Capris, North America, Inc. and their affiliates, partners, agencies, and insurers. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Our prize will be awarded to a Double 0-000 message indicating total value of the subscription to 99.99. Winner must be at least 18 years of age. The winner is responsible for all taxes. Winner agrees that the sponsor is not an affiliate, agent, or their employee shall have no liability concerning compliance or use of prize. Winner will be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility/eligibility release. For a winner list, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to "The Double 0-000 Drawing" Contest Winner List, c/o Capris, 250 West 30th Street, New York, NY 10018 to be received no later than December 15, 1994.

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BEATING THE ODDS

you want numbers to choose from. A "hot" hand at the dice—whether it's your own or a fellow player's—can make you a small fortune in no time. (Any shooter who's rolled a dozen times without crapping out can be safely considered hot.) A "cold" twenty-one dealer and/or a "tight" deck (one from which a large share of low cards has already been dealt) can give you the vig. You find a cold dealer not by his wins or losses but by the recent pattern of his "up" and "down" hands. If he shows a 3, 4, 5, or 6, five out of ten hands, he's cold, and it's time to sit down and/or increase your bets (see Card Counting). A high deck favors the player because the dealer must take a 4 and "bust" on any total below seventeen.

MASTERS OF THE DOUBLE EX MACHINE

THERE ARE DOZENS of books that can help you even the odds at craps. Most rank of home publishing stand alongside street discipline and a money-management system of some kind. The more realistic urge among gamblers for both winnings and losses—5 to 50 percent of your bankroll—with most time spent at twenty-one and an occasional foray into dice. The more hopeful will claim a fractional advantage for their more sensitive readers, but they are, in quote Jonathan Swift's Houyhnhnms, saying that which is not. At twenty-one, you do some play perfect strategy, at craps, you stick to pass, come, or place bets (the latter is on whether a certain number will be rolled before a 7) and play only at casinos that allow "double odds"—roughed-out but easily learnable wagers that put you on an even footing with the house. (On slow nights, some casinos let you take these odds three or four times.)

You can get through one of these books in a few hours, and we should be considered required reading. The craps roll no longer seems an incomprehensible heresy and the fiddling (or flustering) of control is worth knowing out the longer-day former wet that games for profit in this genre. But they are written by professional gamblers—for whom the game never ends, put bettors up for the night—and have built-in assumptions that do not apply to you.

Start discipline: If you want to use the line, you probably would be somewhere other than a casino.

Perfect strategy: Based on the law of large numbers, it was derived by computer simulating millions of twenty-one hands (see chart at right). You will not be playing that long. Two sponsored examples:

1. You have sixteen, the dealer's showing picture. The chart says he'll lose 75 percent of the time. If you don't hit, you'll lose 75

percent of the time. Twice in one hundred—is a game in which the dealer shouldn't bet you more than fifty-one hands per hundred—is a huge margin, ground, but I'd rather wait, my intuition and some of the cards will on the deck.

2. You have a pair of aces or 10s, and the dealer's showing picture. The chart says 10. I say only if you're an ace and can do so in the millions of times it takes for the law to kick in. Otherwise, you're playing too many potentially bad hands against the dealer's strongest card.

Money-management systems: They're inevitable but do not take into account the excitement of a true stake. If you can afford to lose again and can grin for the random nature of having played craps and game play a little better, I think it's worth following an occasional hand, money over to the big tables, sitting next to a high roller, and verifying yourself for a few hours. I've done this a number of times, and love it. I watch the dealers for ten hands before sitting down at one four-bet table where the dice's high and the dealer cold, the proximity of black (non-chip) women in a betting zone for the money-concept that is tables expanded, and my bet seems to shock the odds as I lay them down, though there may be

The Grid

The chart below, which you're allowed to bring to the table, covers every decision you'll have to make in twenty-one. Hand counts, included in the first two horizontal groupings, cover players' hands that do not include an ace. The first represents some 70 percent of situations that normally arise; the hard-double column advises when to double down.

When you double down, you are allowed only one card. The player who also double has wager on a pair (two 7s, for example), which is covered in the third grouping.

Dealer's up-card:		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Ace
Player's hand	Hard	12	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	13	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	14	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	15	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	16	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Soft	17	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	18	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	19	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	20	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	21	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Player's hand	Pair	3-3	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	4-4	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	5-5	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	6-6	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	7-7	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	8-8	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	9-9	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	10-10	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	11-11	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
	12-12	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP	SP
Soft	13-4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	14-5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	15-6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	16-7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	17-8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

SP = Hit, 0 = Stand, SP = Split, 0 = Double

The Best Books on Gambling

If you play poorly in your regular game or consistently lose big at casinos or with horses, *Steel* is the only readable fraction of your life being shamelessly mediocre at something. You are sure to learn to bet you get not bet and lose.

Recently read

Professional Blackjack, by Stanford Wong (1978) Best overall book ever for beginners and hardcore pros; features the High-Low System.

The Theory of Blackjack, by Peter Griffin (1978) Best advanced (you'll need college math to understand the formulas) and accurate book for understanding the game and winning at it.

Primer

Super System II (Secrets in Power Play), by Bruce "Acey Deacy" Wolfe (1978) Most respected book of the past twenty years, even still, told me (Steel and High-Low) how to win and how to lose. It's mandatory for serious players.

Hot! or Poker for Amateurs, by David Sklansky and Mason Malmuth (1979) Best book you know the horses, designed for the \$10- to \$20-hand-on-up to the \$100- to \$500-hand players. **Seven Card Stud for Amateurs**, by David Sklansky, Mason Malmuth, and Ray Cole (1979) Means like advanced money for the \$10- to \$50-hand players.

ing in teams with secret signals, or others Don't bother. The casino knows all the tricks.

If card counting's too obscure, you can still play a select cadre of the supposed known as dice or wheel shooters. Each die thrown in a casino is an almost-perfect cube (the margin of error allowed by law is .0004 of an inch), roulette wheels are so well balanced that biases should make no difference. Even so, there are those who, on the search for hot dice, scan tables where shooters are hazing 7 or 11, then an initial roll. Wheel watchers are a more precise breed, a bit like English race sponsors. They spend their days really analyzing the dealer's set-up means and the roulette wheels' position as the ball is put in the cylinder, eventually betting (in the few seconds between the start of the ball's rounds and the time the dealer announces, "No more bets") on the numbers they think likely to come up. They arrive at their change soon before an hour before the new shift comes, and are very angry.

In the old days, a few black chips up the sleeve (dropped down surreptitiously on winning numbers) or a little graphic (rubbed on the fingers and transferred to coins) could dramatically lower the vig at craps and roulette or slots. I once tried the graphic trick on a "heat machine" at an antiquated casino on the edge of Manhattan (it was a slot machine, for Pete's sake). I left. I have come across dubious casinos as well, largely in former Los Angeles counties (where gambling is big), but also in our own far hemisphere on cruise boats, even a still in one unassuming casino that was not doing well—a handsome man who was constantly at slots, all the while encouraging the old ladies to play more.

If you find yourself at a dice table with the numbers 6 and 11 (I tell to come up in proportionate amounts, you're either having a bad day or have struck into the Wind of Fate). In poker, what you watch for is not to track the bottom dealer to the status of "landingsman" two men who will raise and raise the maximum bet when one has a good hand, catching you in the middle. Watch brings as to three card monte and the shell game, which are not gambling games but stunts. You will NEVER win, because the red card and the pea are NEVER THERE. A 100 percent vig is not an acceptable margin.

TIPPER

HIGH ROLLERS who tend to be highly superstitious, up (or "take") highly. That Greek man who won an million at Circus is said to have ripped around eight nights, easily half his original bankroll. More ver-



Poker Night, Thomas Hirsch
Beats the Odds

Luck comes away from the table.

He was probably right. At the "Sportsman," a lively resort down the road, I bet heavily when a couple who had just dinner in from L.A. went on a half-hour roll at the 110 tables. By the time they dropped out, I'd won \$100, which I promptly lost at twenty-one. It occurred to me: If the dealer who had managed my run made to \$100 had been progressing through my

\$100 bankroll at the Sportsman, I would have won not \$100 but close to \$4,500. The lesson was clear: Don't play dice again till you've learned to manage money. I never have taken the time to do so and have always lost more money from other tables at craps, though I've gone on many smaller rolls.

SPORTS BETTING

NEXT TIME you're at a ball game that's become a blowout, take a look at the packed house. A lot of those people aren't hanging out for the postgame ceremonies. Sports betting has become the most prevalent form of gambling in America, recently overtaking horse racing. In 1990, more than 30 million were wagered—legally and otherwise. Casinos, which make tiny margins on their sports books, include them just to get low-end gamblers through the front door, on the high end, a good proportion will fill a hotel with rollers far more quickly than New York's Eve or La Fertia.

As with horse handicapping, in which the most sophisticated forms of recent performance are charted, a science of statistics-taking has grown in the last twenty years. When Pete Rose (fines for name coming up later) mentioned he had difficulty hitting the day after playing against a knuckleball pitcher, research uncovered that 60 percent of games played after facing knuckleballers. A smart gambler with a knuckleball could parlay that knowledge into a fortune. As with the track,

however, there's very little "smart money" going around a ballpark or sports bar.

A bet on a game, notwithstanding, is the only wager in which the house, even with the vig, does not perform above the edge. It is the bookie who invariably knows more or the Standard in Vegas, which usually publishes the first betting lines. Just flipping a coin every Sunday will guarantee 50 percent on the long run, with the vig (you bet one to win twice), you have to win 32.58 percent of your games to break even. If you can predict the game 50 percent of the time, however, you should average winnings of 50 for every 1000 wagered, which is three times the casino's median profit per bet. Wagers on football and basketball are made not on point spreads (with the favorite having to win by at least one point more than the spread) or an over-under number (whether the final combined score will be above or below a certain number). Bet on fights and baseball games are made on money lines, in which you either give or receive odds, depending on whether you bet the favorite or the underdog. The baseball lines have a built-in vig: If you bet on the Yankees and their line is plus-150, you'll win 150 for every 1000 wagered. If their opponent, the Blue Jays, have a minus-100 line, you'll have to bet 100 to win 100.

Lines are spreads go up and down often. If you can read the logic of a changing spread, you can clean up, but this is far professionally, like wagers. If you plan to spend a week in Vegas (sports betting, though legal in Nevada, North Dakota, Montana, and Oregon, is not allowed in Arizona City), you might try your hand at "middles," betting both teams at different point spreads. If the final score comes between your two bets, you win both.

Options in need on the helpfulness of the 1000 sports lines, or "outs," that have appeared in the last decade. A publication, *Sports Book Guide*, lists these services, some claim success rates in the 60 to 85 percent range. Don't even think of taking it. If they were telling the truth and used a simple money management system, they would have grown a modest stake of \$1000 to anywhere from \$15,000 to several billion dollars for themselves.

I never bet on sports, and unless you enjoy it, win, lose, or draw (or know someone who gets "one of those phone calls" once a year), I advise you never so, either. The issue is control. What bothers me is not the problem of beating your horse or of those fallible guys running the length of the court or the field (I figure they're paid enough their days to play honestly), but the guys in black-and-white suits with whistles in

Craps

Craps: A Secret Shooter's Guide, by Tom Wiegley (1978) An engineer analyzes the game mathematically, keeping players away from under bets and focusing on smart wagers.

Craps by the Numbers, by Alfred Noyes (1978) A mathematical approach explains each individual bet, offering strategies, discussing pitfalls.

The Dice Doctor, by Sam Grubbs (1978) A veteran of 100 years at the tables explains systems, angles, the importance of every movement, and how to play and a small profit with intelligent play.

Sports Betting

Sports Betting 101, by Neil Long (1978) Covers 100 questions about the legal sportsbooks (bookies), bookies, bookies, or those interested in how a bookmaker operates.

Books are available at stores specializing in gambling. *Steel*, if all else fails, call 800-522-1777 for the *Beats the Odds*. With us Las Vegas. You can order the book or receive a free catalog listing more than a thousand titles. The store is now in the 10th floor of the Sheraton and is the target of the book in the world.

If You Think You're Above Gambling

1. Golf (or "I want to hit like Mike") is usually played for theroput bets the first nine, second nine, and total scores, though tournaments are frequently wagered on individual holes, putts, even drive lengths

2. Backgammon reaches its pinnacle at the Loro's Hotel in Monte Carlo every July at the world championship, where the real money is at the postgame negotiations. Stakes rarely go much higher than \$5,000 a game, but with two games of the "cube" (which determines whether the stake will double), you can lose \$20,000 in ten minutes or so.

3. Chess is generally played for \$5 to \$10 a game, five minutes per side per game, though the game's rich history of gambling is lived with bookies and mobsters who've lost fortunes over the board. Players' strengths are easily evaluated, and handicaps are given—size of a queen, bishop, or knight, or time odds. The Georgian-born grand master Roman Dzindzichashvili, considered the greatest chess hustler of all time, gives odds of six minutes to one side to checkmate the opponent on the square of his choice

4. Look at your stock portfolio

each month, who can make or break a spread in the final minute. It happens all the time

Go to a casino on Super Bowl weekend or the NCAA Final Four, though, and listen to the dealers and pit bosses—the people who *know* gambling. All they're interested in is the game. At the 1999 Super Bowl, there was more than \$10 million bet in Vegas on everything from the point spread to the over-under to, yes, the opening coin flip. The game was a blowout.

Poker

THREE STRANDS of poker from Las Vegas and the California coast rooms to recreation and vice-versa casinos, private clubs, and Atlantic City (where it became legal in 1999) has given the game a bizarre legitimacy. The first recognized tournament, the 1970 World Series of Poker, featured a dozen or so professionals playing for a few thousand dollars. Last year saw two dozen major events worldwide, with tens of millions wagered. Even the Supreme Court is rumored to love a regular game.

As at a casino, money management and discipline are crucial at the poker table, however: self-knowledge is by far the most important factor. The age-old rule says that a poker game is six cases of mistaken identity (players who think they're good) and one or two real players, who know their limitations and win almost every week. If you're a good-size win at your weekly game, and you've won it in the first hour, you've probably hit what the pros call a "pocket," and the odds against your winning more are high, for a simple, time-tested reason: You're probably not good enough to win more.

How do you know if you're good? Being a regular winner at your weekly game is probably not enough to celebrate your strength.

◆ Do you know exactly what your opponent is holding a fair percentage of the time?

◆ Do you always remember who bet, when, and when?

◆ Do you remember every flop and what's been failed?

◆ Have you ever lost a small pot intentionally, in order to win a larger one down the road?

◆ Do you know the odds of pulling a flush on fourth street in hold 'em? On fifth street? Have you ever heard of fifth street?

I am not a good player and feel the above test miserably, but I usually win at poker, for a simple reason: I play only in games where I'm at least the third-best player. My favorite game is hold 'em (in which each player receives two cards face-down, and five cards are turned over and played communally), but it's also the favorite of most good players, so I play it as a friendly guess only. I like to play in casinos,

though I loved the famous poker rooms—Flowers and the Mirage in Vegas, the Taj Mahal and Casinos in Atlantic City—where even the low-stakes tables are filled with pros. I play seven-card stud at hotels with small, snazzy poker rooms filled with audiobook people saying things like, "Yeah, I shut four to a five on my first four." I play eight at first, taking careful note of the players at the center of the table (charts tend to go in these seats), and look at my face-down cards last, so I can watch my opponents. At this level, most people don't have a clue about holding "trifles" (face and expressions that give away their hands). I pick my spot and start playing aggressively.

I learned the difference between aggressive and hostile play at a 40-to-100 seven-card high-low game (the best hand splits the pot with the worst hand) at the Trump Castle, joining a table with six very loose players and one old man with an endless room body and the name Ricky. All we were engaged with his endless questions and the time he took over his cards, not to mention his wheezing, whining, and winning, and they were trading veiled insults about him as I sat down. Bypassing his stack (a good 100, twice everyone else's), I was about to trade a barb of my own—"Maybe all is not as it appears"—when it occurred to me: Why all this?

I drew to a great low, 6-4-3-2-10, and prepared to duck Ricky, the only other low on the table, as he folded and asked if he needed an 8-to-10 quality, then I lost 100 to his "wheel"—10-4-3-2-10. Putman, I lost another 200 to him, then heard a small voice in my head: All is not as it appears. Putman!

It took an hour, but I came. A small full house on my first five cards—10, 6, 3, followed by a pair of 8's and a 5, which gave me a good-looking low on board, showing straight possibilities. Ricky had three to a low, but all on suit, and I could tell from his bet he had a flush. We were the only ones left by the last round of betting, and in Atlantic City, there are unlabeled rooms when only two players are left in a hand. High with my 8's, I took a long time spacing my last card, as though aiming to try straight, then bet too immediately, he folded, wheezed, and raised me six, with a great show of hostility. I raised, he raised, and I knew I had him. After three more raises, I cleared his stack for the whole pot, then mopped him the rest of the night.

I went to the Taj Mahal the next afternoon to watch the pros play. Sure enough, at the center of the two to six hold 'em game sat Ricky, a big stack of green chips in front of him, not only the other players but the dealers and cocktail waitresses knew him well. ■

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American collections; the other Bissett; great coats; on-air casual

On Fashion: Woody Hochstetler

The Erotic Suit

THE SUIT has been under siege for decades now, although even the most rebellious types wear it when it counts—for example, at an interview or an arraignment. Suits are viewed variously as conservative, conformist, elitist, or just

plain boring. The word suit has become a term of derision for a taste of money-chasing, repressed folk one wouldn't want to be seen with in public (is it, uh oh, this place is filled with suits). So along comes a surprising new book, *Sex and Suits* (published this month by Alfred A. Knopf), by a respected writer, Anne Hollander, proposing that a man's suit is actually well, erotic.

Suits sexy? Aren't they designed to eliminate sex appeal and make all bodies look vaguely alike?

Hollander's thesis is that the men's tailored ensemble—jacket, vest, trousers, shirt, tie—originally based on the bodily articulations of male anatomy, was refined in the late eighteenth century during a neoclassic antithesis to the rococo of the West, when artists and artisans were celebrating the classic human form as expressed, say, in a Michelangelo sculpture or a David painting. The men's frock coat that eventually became the basis for the suit was in effect an idealization of the classical

male body—expansive chest, large shoulders, narrow waist—which could enable men of even modest physique to outwardly manifest the heroic ideal.

"The subtle lines of the coat," Hollander writes, "formed an abstract design based on the underlying curves of human torso and muscles, and the entire ensemble suggested the smoothness of stone. The careful modeling allowed the actual body to assert itself only at certain places where the wearer moved, to create a subtle interaction between costume and person, a wordless counterpoint with others in an eternal way in an open class."

The suit also supplanted the look of loosely refined men that had characterized the fops of earlier times and introduced an element of masculine seriousness that has prevailed for centuries. Hollander associates the suit with true modernity in dress. "In this century, as old fashion plates show, the abstract shapes and plain textures of modern suits were visually

linked to the imagery conveyed in modern art, but even more tellingly and more consistently, they shared in the formal authority and sleek simplicity of modern practical design. One important thing is that they both continue to have a erotic appeal, in the confidently forceful mode. Suits are still sexy just like cars and planes."

The suit is universally flattering, Hollander claims, because it does not call attention to specific bodily details. Think of George Reeves in the old *Superman* series. He definitely looked smarter dressed as Clark Kent than he did in his kung-fu tights.

"The appeal of the modern suit in our period," she continues, "is still its combined look of comfort and crispness, with its neat collar and its clean perpetually defying the forces of hot weather, hard work, and high anxiety, its untroubled tailored envelope suggesting an invisible splendor, including, actual. No sweat suits, cycling gear, or wrinkled khakis can hope to convey such a superior level of ease."

Now, obviously, it's hard to swallow the notion that a man in a three-piece suit is inherently sexier than a bull gay in jeans and T-shirt, masquerading as gay. In the thick weave of her analytical prose, Hollander doesn't quite address this directly like merely pines for suit in the latter third of this century men have become

more casual and exhibitionistic and finally feel they can safely partake of the fantasy and pleasure associated with women's clothes (She compares the Marley Mark wig for exposing underwear to women's use of deodorant). To her, fashion history is a date for men and women, with the suit playing a central role.

While the men's suit was evolving in the early nineteenth century, women's clothes, with their billows, skirts, frills, and elaborate headgear, tended to make the wearer look like a fully rigged ship. It wasn't until the early twentieth century that women's fashions broke free from feminine fantasy and sentimentalism. Empowered women from Dietrich to Madonna have instead men's clothes in order to modernize *their* wardrobe, and, as Hollander puts it, copy "the idea of a loosely fitting envelope that would reveal its own clear tailored shape, while suggesting that of the body under it, and allow concerned moments of revealed dress and living body together."

By this analysis, it seems only natural that the two best-selling fashion designers in the world—Ralph Lauren and Giorgio Armani—came to their profession through men's wear. It also makes it a lot easier for the average Joe to feel confident—and, yes, even sexy—when stepping out in his tailored uniform.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

THE APPEAL OF the modern suit in our period is still its combined look of comfort and crispness. . . . No sweat suits, cycling gear, or wrinkled khakis can hope to convey such a superior level of ease."

—ANNE HOLLANDER
Sex and Suits



New Glory



Source the prewar great classics with narrative fabrics and maximalist design. Calvin Klein dines a waxed-leather coat that feels like an old favorite.

Her clothes by CE Calvin Klein.
Photographed at Sun Gallery, New York.
Stylists by Michael Brown.

THE BEST of the American fall collections, from classic suits to urban street wear. Here's why our leading designers are flying high.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW ECCLES



He'll take it easy with style in the States and 't. **Manish by David Cho**—a fall line, discerning field coat with a detachable collar, the capricious (and whimsical) striped shirt, and a pair of

Wind-resistant, cotton shirt, and shirt and trousers by Manish by David Cho.



Whether it's English boarding schools or *Forrest Gump*, one rare equestrian style has never faded: the double-breasted coat. This season, designers have taken the look to the next level, with double-breasted coats in a variety of colors, including navy, black, and even red. The coat is a classic, but it's also a versatile piece that can be worn in a variety of settings. It's a timeless piece that's always in style.

Outerwear and accessories by Tommy Hilf

Styling: Thea Miller; Hair: Michaela; Makeup: Michaela; Location: New York City



Equestrian clothing is back in the saddle for **Ralph Lauren** this fall, with high-button vests and baggy, flared trousers. Horse optional.

Wool shirt by Polo by Ralph Lauren; leather riding boots by Ralph Lauren Footwear. Hair: Michaela; Makeup: Michaela; Location: New York City. Horse and saddle courtesy of Green Ridge Farm.



Looking to walk out of this century just like those who walked into it? **Alexander Julian** has come up with an immigrant-inspired suit that's high-buttoned and has a narrow flared silhouette.

Suites short by **Alexander Julian**; leather boots by **Colt-Ross**. Hair clothes by **REBE**; shoes by **Proenza Schouler**; courtesy of **Urban Anthropology**, New York.



Reversing the cloverfield coat from vinaceous gray, blue, and black, **Joseph Abbond** runs through with his traditional earth tones, making this usually dreary overcoat more down-to-earth.

Double-breasted wool coat, cotton shirt, and silk tie by **Joseph Abbond** Collection; made shoes by **Colt-Ross**.

For those who seek the much-lauded
elegance of the '30s and '40s, *Hip*'s
by Nathan David's airy window-
pane suit has a timeless appeal.

Wool coat, cotton shirt, wool-and-cashmere
tie by *Hip*'s by Nathan David. Bow tie
by TSE. Cufflinks: close by Stephens
Ethnic; jewelry by Treva Karon. Suit
courtesy of Stone Malley Scott Associates.



BECKLEY: JEAN-LOUIS; LARA: DOMINIC; OPPOSITE PAGE: NATHAN DAVID; CUFFLINK: STEPHENS; ETHNIC; JEWELRY: TREVA KARON; SUIT: STONE MALLEY SCOTT ASSOCIATES; BOW TIE: TSE; TIE: TSE; SHIRT: NATHAN DAVID; SUIT: STONE MALLEY SCOTT ASSOCIATES

For *DEITY* fans, an off-the-beatnik with
a subtle ironic line-skating-
inspired collection that's ideal for
spring—even with black tie.

Left to right: Double-breasted wool sport
jacket, headed shirt, and Lycra athletic
pants by *DEITY*; cotton T-shirt by Shain.
Wool coat with velvet collar, top-up
sweater vest, and Lycra athletic pants by
DEITY. Dress coat, wool top-up shirt, cotton
shirt, silk tie, and Lycra athletic pants by
DEITY. Double-breasted wool sport jacket,
cotton top-up headed shirt, and Lycra
athletic pants by *DEITY*. Shirts by
KleinMade, Inc. Bow tie courtesy of
Pech & Goshie, New York.

For store information see page 204.





Bissett Unbuttoned

Soft, innocent Josie Bissett, the nice girl
on TV's *Melrose Place*, shows her naughty side



Bissett wears a white
cotton button-down shirt
by Brooks Brothers,
a pink, polka-dot bra and
strapless pants by Candy
Lingerie, and sheer white
stockings from Candy
Fashion Collection by
Dorothy Vernon. Opposite
Pink Panther box from
the Armani Fashion Co.

Photographs
by Davis Factor

"I'm really happy because I'm getting revenge," notes Bissett of this season's wicked role reversal.

Poor Josie Bissett. All she wants to do is play bad. But until now, it has been impossible to convey to her army of fans—via her role as the doe-eyed dumpee of *Melrose Place*—that she is anything other than a pathological Goody Two-shoes. Perhaps that's why she pulled her pants down for *Late Night*'s Conan O'Brien recently, inviting him to take a look at a tattoo— one of two—situated somewhere in her upper-leg region: "Unfortunately, you always want what you don't have," explains the thigh-thigh, twenty-three-year-old bombshell at her feet as her other cheek, fashion designer Jane "I was getting bored."

Wary, perhaps, of giving birth to another Shanna Delaney—whose TV character has often veered toward the born-again Christina—the producers of *Melrose* obligingly gave Jane a slight personality change. "Now I'm really happy because I'm getting revenge," notes Bissett optimistically of the wicked twist in her character, which involves her being implicated in the attempted murder of her on-screen ex-husband. "I'm not putting up with people being mean to me anymore. Now I'm saying no."

The last of the matter is that the Seattle-born Bissett happens to be rather good at playing the semi-cynical-pusher: Having already made five films—in *The Doors* she played the moody offscreen girlfriend of Robby Kriger—Bissett, the wife of *Silk Stalkings* star Rob Estes, is less ambitious than it would appear. "The truth is," she confesses, "I'll probably finish off the series and start a family." But in the fairly event that Hollywood brings *The Life and Times of Arthur* to the screen, we suggest that Bissett shelve any hopes of snagging the part of Veronica and concentrate on Betty... the role for which she was born.

—CECELIA D'SOUZA



White cotton lace-trimmed nightgown with pearl-trimmed cuffs and collar and detachable buttons by Giorgio Armani; gingham bra and panties by Trishy Lingerie

For more information see page 124

HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER FOR JACQUES FATH; MAKEUP: JANEY HARRIS FOR JACQUES FATH; STYLING: JANEY HARRIS FOR JACQUES FATH

A man and a woman are walking together on a cobblestone street in Prague. They are both wearing long, black, double-breasted overcoats. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right, leaning slightly towards him. The street is paved with irregular cobblestones. In the background, there are statues on pedestals and a hazy, historic cityscape under a soft, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The overall mood is romantic and elegant.

The Grand Tour

The normally staid overcoat gets romantic this fall. Shown here on the streets of Prague, it's cut full and long—a dramatic way to travel in style.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIEGO UCHITEL
PRODUCED BY JOËN MATHER

Double-breasted, knee-length overcoat, single-breasted jacket, and raincoat modeled by Emma Stone, first by model of the look by Gisele Bündchen, by Coach. Jacket by Richard Tyler by Anna Kiki, gloves by H&M.

October 2008 155

A man and a woman are walking together on a cobblestone street in Prague. They are both wearing long, dark, double-breasted overcoats. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right, slightly behind him. They are looking towards the camera. The background shows a historic street with statues and buildings under a soft, hazy sky. The overall mood is romantic and elegant.

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The normally staid overcoat gets romantic this fall. Shown here on the streets of Prague, it's cut full and long—a dramatic way to travel in style.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIEGO UCHITEL
PRODUCED BY JOËN MATHER

Double-breasted, knee-length overcoat, single-breasted jacket, and raincoat modeled by Emma Stone, first by model of the coat by Ganni, shoes by Louis Vuitton, bag by Bottega Veneta, gloves by Hestra

100

A man and a woman are walking together on a cobblestone street in Prague. They are both wearing long, black, double-breasted overcoats. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right, leaning slightly towards him. The street is paved with irregular cobblestones. In the background, there are statues on pedestals and a hazy, historic cityscape under a soft, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The overall mood is romantic and elegant.

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October 2008 155

Cost by Alberta Ferretti
 hair/make by Gentry Parfouss
 shoes by Robert Clergerie
 Opposite: Couture and set
 dressed by Jungi, set
 dressed by Daria Karna
 leather engine boots by
 Poshon, gloves by Gatz





Dark, draped, understated
and with a hint of
mystery and a touch of
romance by Calvin Klein. Leather
shoes by Alexander McQueen. Hair
cut by Michael Kane. Makeup
by David Lauder. Hair
by David Lauder. Hair
by David Lauder. Hair
by David Lauder.



Draped, draped, draped
by Calvin Klein. Hair
cut by Michael Kane. Makeup
by David Lauder. Hair
by David Lauder. Hair
by David Lauder.



Double-breasted wool-twill
coat, wool-and-silk trousers,
and leather boots by Giorgio
Armani, gloves by Celine.
Pervious coat created by Paul
Smith. Sweater by Celine.
Opposite: Double-breasted wool
coat with fur collar and
wool-blend trousers
by Hugo Boss, wool knitwear
by Joseph Abboud Collection,
leather boots by Prada,
gloves by Celine. Her clothes
and shoes by Jill Sander.

For more information see
page 104

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY MAYER
STYLING BY JILL SANDER
HAIR BY JEFFREY MAYER
MAKEUP BY JILL SANDER



New Kids on the Box

Move over, Dan, Peter, and Tom. Entertainment reporters are setting the pace in dressed-down broadcast style.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAVIS FA' TOR

ENTERTAINMENT-news reporters, those groovy, dark-suited talking heads with black shirts buttoned all the way to the neck, have become the new elite of the information superhighway, the hot disseminators of news in this increasingly Hollywood-events-are-global-events planet of ours. Thankfully, a somewhat anchor hybrid of the John Tesh model has emerged, best illustrated, perhaps, by MTV's Chris Connelly: "You go through the whole year trying to be a sensitive, thoughtful journalist, then for two hours out of every year, at the Oscars, you're begging—alongside all the paparazzi from Amsterdam—for *Matthew Modine*," he says. "I mean, how does that happen? It's like a parallel universe." With their tone-on-tone attire and breezy on-air authority, Connelly and his counterparts on the E! Channel—Steve Kmetko and Michael Castner—are the new broadcast dudes. They may be anches, but they're not heavy.

—CHRISTA D'SOUZA

Chris Connelly, MTV's music reporter and interviewer, wears a three-button tux jacket by Paul Smith, cummerbund shirt by Cumberley. Gaiters: Silk, striped cotton trousers by Helmut Lang. Socks: suede leather boots from Carlo of London.

Steve Kmetz, member of *E! News Daily*, wears a black T-shirt's double-breasted suit of rayon, wool, and silk, with suspension and row-stitching. Credit: and slides from the Blue Smith Agency



STYLING: JANE ROSS; HAIR: JANE ROSS; MAKEUP: JANE ROSS



Michael Chertow, host of the *E! News Daily*, wears a black T-shirt's double-breasted suit of rayon, wool, and silk, with suspension and row-stitching. Credit: and slides from the Blue Smith Agency

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CARS

Phil Patton

Your Choice of Black

THEY LOOK IN THE ON-RAMP, the skyscrapers of Houston glimmer in the distance, the big Chevrolet Caprice of the Harris County Sheriff's Office. The reflected gas flares from oil wells dance on their hoods, and across the shimmering pavement drift sulfurous fumes from the plants down by the bayou.

"When you're working radar and it's 120 degrees," says Harris County sheriff Johnny Klevenhagen, "you appreciate the Caprice. Sure, we took a lot of jokes about the Shamu and so forth, but it's a great law-enforcement car. We don't lose a lot of chases."

Sliver pieces of police and highway patrol cars sold each year are Caprices. Now you can get your own—or one as close to it as is legal. In 1993, Chevrolet dropped the police package V-6 engine into a full Air and renamed it the Impala. Now it has put the police drivetrain into the new Impala SS, based on that of Shamu, and added the 260-horsepower LT1 V-6 engine out of the Corvette. Chevrolet will build six thousand this year, all of them black. Coming soon are such daring hues as purple and burgundy.

"It's the ultimate full-size muscle car," brags Chevrolet manager Jim Perkins, born in Waco and an old friend of the sheriff's. "It's a street machine for discriminating tastes." But for Perkins and his company, beleaguered in recent years, it's also something else: a redemption of the much-maligned Caprice.

Sheriff Klevenhagen's deputies run what he calls simply the Shamu zone: eleven miles a year through the county, from Seabrook to Sugar Land, Humble to Humble. His deputies, he admits, are eager young men. "We buy from credit by the truckload," he says.

The sheriff's territory is a good place to test the new Impala. On the freeway, you recognize it for the Real American Car: it is, a rear-wheel-drive, long-hooded cruiser, but with agility instead of the old-fashioned walkway. The Corvette engine will get you to nary a jolt over acute ascents but proves more useful for cranking over the four loop. The big V-6 runs through GM's four-speed automatic and keeps on top the stage of power to pole and punch through near-rush-hour traffic, when Houstonians drive elbow-out. You

can spot a hole and shoot for it, like Kasey Anderson driving to the hoop.

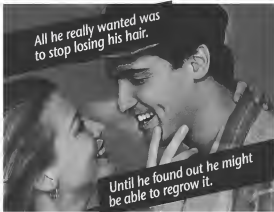
At least as impressive is that squeezing on the brake will smoothly pull this forty-two-hundred-pound car down from sixty to a stop in 120 feet, a shorter distance than a BMW 740dL. You appreciate that when the silver-coated lady in the saddle-tie DeVille takes a notion to park in the left lane on her way home to River Oaks.

Get out of town and the Impala SS enjoys playing Chase and Laddie down the new overpass south of town, an impressive pyro-oxo-construct of concrete ribbon and cylinder. Along the strips composing the entrance of greater Alvin, Texas, you come to appreciate the tatted rubberbar bars and deChon shock-a-Europort assembly, sixty-nine dollars each in case conscious GM—and the quick-ono power steering, handy for sudden U-turns necessitated by a perp's creative maneuvers or in case you spot El Burro Grande across the median.

There are some complaints. Chevrolet doesn't offer a manual, and the shifter is a stubby stick behind the wheel, straight off the conventional Caprice, as is the digital display Chevy's literature boasts of "an interior enthusiasts will appreciate," which is like saying "cucumbers the hungry will appreciate." But we do appreciate the influential Impala logo on the nose.

The Impala is the byproduct of Chevrolet's comeback. Drained of credit for years by such GM enterprises as Saturn, Chevrolet languished. It was the family car of the 1990s and 1980s, when driving a Malibu or full Air was as much a part of the American dream as living in Malibu or full Air. By the 1990s, GM took it for granted.

The Caprice was the low point. It looked old-fashioned and old-fashioned, it seemed to symbolize the problems of Chevrolet and General Motors in general. It was a car with rear-wheel drive and body-on-frame construction when most modern cars were four-wheel drive and unibody. Suggesting not only New World's invisible killer but an unimpressive park bumper car, it even seemed stigmatized. Was ever fine fancy so foot-bound as in this car with its rear-wheel skids and bangs like a tugboat? The Caprice suggested a 1940s idea of a future car, a vehicle out of Dek Tacy [The villain played by Al Pacino in *named Big Boy Caprice*].



Going from hair loss to hair regrowth was beyond his wildest dreams. But then he learned there's a product that could actually regrow hair. He learned about Rogaine® topical solution (minoxidil) topical solution on 25%. Because for hair regrowth, only Rogaine has been scientifically proven to regrow hair.

How Rogaine works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that Rogaine works in part by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolonging the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time and you may see improved scalp coverage.

Will Rogaine work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 35% of patients using Rogaine topical solution to treat hair regrowth compared with 17% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil—the active ingredient in Rogaine).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using Rogaine noted their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (25%). Forty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 1% of those who used

Rogaine had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritation.) Rogaine should be applied only to a normal healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes at least 4 months of twice daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.

Just a few minutes in the morning and at night. That's all it takes to apply Rogaine. If you're young, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have lost actual hair, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that Rogaine is a treatment, not a cure. As further progress is only possible by using it consistently. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. But it's easy to make Rogaine a part of your daily routine. Thousands of men do. And now you can find out if Rogaine is for you. Free.

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Transmission: Four-speed electronic automatic

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Top speed: 145-plus mph

Fuel economy: 17 mpg city, 25 mpg highway

Other features: Four-wheel, ABS disc brakes, cruise control, power steering, dual air bags, theft-deterrent system

Base price: \$22,495

FORMS

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- I. Book Knowledge**
1. B
 2. B
 3. A
 4. D
 5. C
 6. A
 7. C
 8. C
 9. C
 10. C
 11. C
 12. D

- II. General Knowledge**
1. C
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- III. Current Events**
1. A
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- IV. General Knowledge**
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- V. General Knowledge**
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- VI. General Knowledge**
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- VII. General Knowledge**
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MR. PEEPERS, ESQ.

[continued from page 101] he had given a whole big unnecessary musical review. He wound up at McDonald's at 3:30 a.m. with his twenty-year-old son, Luke, then gave Luke his bad and slept on the floor the next day. He had to lunch and eat "a lit' bit" and maybe a little hyperactive, and I'll let the picture go on. The audience should be aware of the vulnerability. He was so much like a heart attack. The end of week took a lot of us, the governing factor. And there's the kind of woman who will lose you to a room and then the door on your back. Barrymore had a great mind.... Oh I know him. He lives on my shoulder like a fucking peeper."

He faces the art of an artist who knows how good he is and sees it unappreciated. Why are these empty notes? Don't they see what I am doing? How can they know if they don't come? When come the doubts. Oh, Nard, did you mouth off again? Did you really do that?

I've finished it. I've won. They said to close me and couldn't do it. He has a finger. "This number one."

Williamson began reading biographies of John Barrymore when he was playing Barrymore's ghost in *I Was a Slave on Broadway*. A form of possession occurred. Drinking, passion-attended sadness, the wife who starts by loving and then wants to become the famous husband, the exhausting stress from his apartment in Hell's Kitchen on Christmas Eve, he called Luke Megawire who started him in the *Meat and Potatoes* and would come and direct him. Barrymore was an alcoholic from the age of fourteen, a man who drank the cooling fluid from the yacht hard to take him on a dry out cruise. He was a star in every medium who would up humiliated, for "making most do-or-die" as fast as a thoughtless. But to the end, he was young and full of hope.

"That you wake up and are forever young. It's about here. He slams himself in the gut tightened by words of doing stomach crutches until he vomited. "It's heartache and soul."

"And balls," I say, remembering the cartoon speech in which he said Barrymore did it all without "wondering self-will. I don't know about the weathering." The technical part is easy. That can be processed. It is going beyond craft into the dark prison and romantic belief to feel you onto the stage. Of course, Nard Williamson has

also been a famously tremendous and rather nasty pain in the ass, a bleeding monster like Barrymore.

"I know [Barrymore] was a reprobate and self-destructive. I never wanted it to seem like he was drinking. The just said 'okay' or maybe a little hyperactive, and I'll let the picture go on. The audience should be aware of the vulnerability. He was so much like a heart attack. The end of week took a lot of us, the governing factor. And there's the kind of woman who will lose you to a room and then the door on your back. Barrymore had a great mind.... Oh I know him. He lives on my shoulder like a fucking peeper."

"Let's talk about your art," I say. "My first." "You're Luke when he slapped the actor at curtain call, and his sister got with his sword, and started how on David Merrick, and stopped the performance and started from the beginning. I don't have to say any of this. I've had a few fits myself," I say. "You have" he says, his eyes sliding from above my shoulder to my face for the first time.

"The man of genius is constantly angry and sometimes even belligerent," writes Henry Americans in his magazine essay "Genius and Rage." And it is third rule, the narcissism of others, and their depletion of narcissism drive the genius to his greatest creative moments.

"I would off once in England and once in Boston. Melville, once in Scotland because there was an incredible amount of noise. "It's just of watching him, he thought that he might rip off his mask, keep out of character or to an even more terrifying character. In every audience sit a small few weeping for the wild man. Williamson of Kenneth Rogers' profile, the rage and danger of the position of genius. Such actors go into the theater, in his case another silent, alcoholized blood, to step in, to love and protect his talent.

"Williamson has just sold his first novel, *King's Kingdom*, to Random House and will return to the New York he loves—like an old painted woman, andly and beautiful—and Bill's Kitchen, for "You a West Side Boy."

"It's like a bicycle man. There's one rider in front and then the pack. The rider in front," he says and steps in to the dark of the theater.



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